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DOWN!

A RACING INCIDENT AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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ADVENTURES IN ALASKA.

WE give in the present issue the first installment of Mr. E. H. Wells's narrative of his descent of the Yukon River, in the prosecution of his explorations of Alaska. Subsequent installments will deal with a section less familiar, and will recount adventures of the most exciting character. Mr. A. B. Schanz is busily engaged completing his narrative, which relates to another part of the vast field explored, and the opening chapters of this story will be given in a week or two.

IS THIS "THE MIDNIGHT CRY"?

THE profound intensity of feeling that has been awakened by Professor Totten's articles upon the Millennium suggests the question at the head of this article, and we are constrained to voice it with all seriousness.

In this, our mid-year issue, the series of papers which he is contributing culminates in one so remarkable as to necessitate a special arrangement of its material to display its unique features to advantage. We have therefore devoted two full pages to the matter, and bespeak for it the consideration it undoubtedly merits.

Certain it is if Christianity be true, that some time, some where, by some one, and in some such manner as it has been our privilege during this current central lunar month of 1891 to mark its phases, such a "cry" will be raised, and we question whether by mere human means alone, born of faith and substantiated in such startling facts, it will be ever duplicated.

To say the least, it puts "this generation" to the crucial test, and, whatever be its outcome, it will try the souls of all concerned perhaps even more "fairly" than if originated by less natural means! And we are not alone in saying that it behooves those who have a special duty in these premises, and who should have raised this "cry" if it be real—we refer to the clergy of all branches of the so-called church—to refute Professor Totten's arguments if they can and dare.

That this matter has suddenly become of world-wide import the columns of our lay contemporaries prove. For instance, the New York Herald has already followed our example, and lately presented a contemporary symposium of current thought upon "THE COMING MAN." It clearly demonstrates that Professor Totten is not alone in his views, nor disingenuous in his outspoken concern. Furthermore, the attitude of the secular press is as significant as the lethargic state of the great so-called religious journals of the age, for while their columns are distended with the minutes of myriad internecine controversies, they are as dead as diluvians to the living issues of the hour.

Is it not time to wake? It is the universal consensus of those who inhabit the by-ways and hedges of affairs that a gigantic crisis stands upon the threshold, and the students of prophecy have, per force, obeyed the Master's injunction to seek guests for the marriage supper in unexpected quarters. Truly if the salt have lost its savor, wherewithal shall it be salted?

In our next week's issue, which strangely synchronizes with the date of man's best effort at millennial government, the professor closes the series with a statement of what the prophets tell us God has in store for the sons of perfect liberty.

JUSTICE TO THE INDIAN.

A GREAT deal of harm was done the Indian cause last winter by newspaper men and women sent out to Pine Ridge Agency to "write up" the Sioux war. Weeks passed in which nothing of any consequence took place; rumors of battle and carnage which had so often proved unfounded were no longer acceptable as "news," and the reporters undertook to occupy their leisure, and to divert the public, with highly-colored tales of picturesque savagery and degradation. What we see is largely determined by what we are, and the vulgarity of many of these accounts betrays the character of the writers; still it is only charitable to suppose that the low view of Indian morals and manners usually taken by them was often in deference to the assumed prejudices of the average reader. Why are people so

constituted that such a statement as that the Sioux are the most filthy people on earth, or that there is no such thing as virtue among the unmarried Indians, finds ready credence, and is even received with apparent satisfaction, while a true story of Indian chivalry and honor, or an impartial study of "savage" manners and customs, is frequently sneered at as a "romantic illusion"?

Now, if such an illusion could exist it would certainly be among persons to whom Indians were a novelty, and whose actual acquaintance with them was of the most casual and superficial nature—in other words, among such as these Eastern newspaper correspondents. Scarcely could it survive in one who had lived with them on intimate terms for four or five years; who had journeyed and visited, eaten and slept, summered and wintered with them; in one who had acted as confidant and adviser in every relation of life; had dressed the bride for her nuptials and the corpse for burial, watched over the sick and wept for the dead—surely such a one must have long since lost the glamour of his early "illusions." In truth, a superficial study of the lowest "reservation Indians" of to-day, as of any class of people living in extreme poverty and squalor, widely afflicted with disease, unenlightened in mind, and oppressed by unjust and degrading conditions, must almost of necessity disgust and repel the stranger. He understands neither their language nor their customs; he has no insight into their real lives and no chance of discovering their genuine opinions; he sees the smoke-blackened tents and the painted faces; he hears some low stories from half-breeds or white men lounging about the trader's store or the "hotel," and from these things he evolves a description which is disgraceful to himself and a cruel wrong to the Indian.

In my visits among friends in the East I am not infrequently confronted with these letters, written last winter at Pine Ridge by persons in no way qualified for the task, who were "bored" almost beyond endurance, and at their wits' end to "fill up" the allotted two or three columns devoted to news from the "scene of war." Their sensational and piquant falsehoods have made an impression difficult to efface upon really fair-minded people. As an antidote to this insidious poison I will offer two or three scenes and incidents which came under my personal observation last winter.

An Indian policeman was ordered to report immediately at the agency on the 20th of November. His station was fifty miles distant. He rode in at full speed, and was ordered back again that same evening to warn certain people of the coming of troops and probable commencement of hostilities. No fresh horse was provided. He had no overcoat with him. He rode all night and arrived at dawn, chilled and exhausted, having nearly killed his pony. No complaint was uttered by the brave fellow, who was to all appearance a splendid specimen of physical manhood, but who, as is the case with nearly all of his race, bore about the seeds of a fatal malady. He took a violent cold, but remained at his post—a hard one—until prostrated by pneumonia, of which he died. I do not know of any more uncomplaining victim of that needless and most unfortunate conflict than the man who lay for weeks, in the rigors of winter, sheltered only by a thin cotton tent, dressed in his United States uniform, compelled to share the unattractive and insufficient family meal, always cheerful and grateful for visits or small attentions, till death cut him off in the prime of his manhood, leaving a widow and orphans behind. Compare his position as to hardship, exposure, or actual danger with that of an officer of the army in his comfortably warmed and furnished "Sibley," protected by a high brush inclosure, dressed in furs and woollens, abundantly fed, and actually in much less peril from exasperated Indians than the loyal of their own tribe. The Indian police were the objects of a peculiar hatred to those who regarded them as betraying the interests of their kindred.

A woman and her two young daughters were brought in to the improvised hospital after the battle of Wounded Knee, one of the girls fatally wounded and the other two with comparatively slight yet very painful wounds. The physical agony of the girl who was shot through the abdomen was evidently less intolerable for her than the torments of offended modesty. In every one of the young women whose hurts were dressed in this rude hospital, with unavoidable roughness and publicity, the intensity of this womanly feeling sufficiently attested to the fact that there is decency and privacy even in tent-life among wild Indians. The mother usually ignored her own sufferings in pitiful attempts to relieve those of her children. Several days after the battle a number of wounded were discovered on the field, where they had lain helpless and unattended, and were brought by humane hands to the little church, in a condition indescribably dreadful—neglected, starved, and more than half dead. Among these pitiable beings the three recognize their husband and father whom they have mourned as dead. No one who witnessed it can forget the thrilling scene—the injured woman by a supreme effort gaining her feet and tottering to her husband's side—the cries and sobs of pity and rapture! No more touching and powerful exhibition of emotion was ever seen among "civilized" peoples. But they found him only to lose him a second time. Hopelessly exhausted, with shattered limbs and mutilated face, he lingered two or three days and passed away. The girl died in great agony soon afterward. The bereaved two who remained seemed stupefied by grief, and a sort of dreadful lethargy succeeded the intensity of feeling. They became convalescent and returned to their desolate home, among the many who were scarred for life, physically and spiritually, by the events of that cruel winter.

Why did not the reporters hear some such tales as these? They are common enough. Why did they not write of the pleasant homes of Christian and educated Indians, of which there are scores to be seen near Pine Ridge Agency? Of the many who lost their homes and all they possessed on earth through loyalty to the Government, and lived all winter in their flimsy tents, hungry and half frozen, afraid of the soldiers and afraid of the desperate among their own people? Did they not see among those tents the pitiful little washings hung out daily on wagon-tongues to dry? Did they never observe the uncalculating hospitality with which the last morsel of bread was pressed upon the casual visitor? Had no one pointed out to them the little chapels scattered over that wild country, each of which represents a Christian congregation, and whose sacred spires were

respected even by the frenzied ghost-dancers, who spared no other buildings but these? What of the heroism of those Indian policemen who, disguised in ghost-shirts and war-paint, went into the camp of the hostiles at the moment of greatest excitement and rescued their wives and children who had been carried off by them against their will? Let us be just, even to the Indian.



[NOTE.—The portrait of Miss Goodale, with a sketch of her career, will be found on page 352.]

THE MILLENNIUM.

PROFESSOR TOTTEN'S PREDICTIONS AND WHAT IS SAID OF THEM
BY OUR READERS—PRAISE AND CONDEMNATION
SINGULARLY BLENDED.

PROFESSOR TOTTEN'S articles on the Millennium, despite the adverse criticism they have received from several editors of religious publications and members of the clerical profession, have been heartily indorsed by the majority of thinking people, and particularly by many thoughtful students of theology. We present herewith such of the criticisms sent us as we can find room for. Others are either too long or too uninteresting. One of the most striking letters, in support, in part at least, of Professor Totten's theory, comes from a well-known student and writer, Mr. Henry Whitney Cleveland, of Louisville, Ky. He sends it to us captioned "The End of the Age," and we could not do better than print his conclusive argument in full. It reads as follows:

"THE END OF THE AGE."

"TO THE EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—Not being honored with a copy of a book by Professor C. A. Totten, of Yale, nor asked my opinion, I have yet read the opinions of William Hayes Ward of the Independent, and of L. S. A. Maynard of the Christian at Work—what work? I have held the doctorates of divinity and of law for many years, and been compelled to edit Appleton's Journal and a great daily newspaper, because the ministry did not support me as the law did; and I have discovered that 'we doctors' have no longer a patent upon the Scriptures, that Hebrew and Greek are no longer exclusively in our keeping, and that greater men than we in these States, England, Germany, and in France are reading and doing their own thinking. The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and their church, so prefer veal in the ministry to age and zeal, that I am unable longer to sing with Charles Wesley:

'A charge to keep I have,'

and therefore I have not

'A God to glorify'

by classing as either 'ignorant' or 'puerile' one who looks at holy Scripture from the standpoint of a military instructor, and not with the yellow glasses of a theological seminary.

"I see no force in the sneer at 'our lieutenant.' I, too, have been a lieutenant and colonel both, and learned something in the profession—seen something on twenty battle-fields. I got above my seminary horizon thirty years ago. The professor at Yale marks the desertion of our churches and does not regret it. I have faced several thousands in the last month, but as a rule he is right.

"In Louisville, Ky., there has recently adjourned a church extension meeting, at which met the bishops and greater clergy of the southern half of the largest denomination in these States. At ten churches I do not think the total attendance was five thousand, counting sinners, too, and one game of base-ball drew nine thousand, a part being Methodist youth, and on the same Sabbath. Why? Because the base-ball clubs train up to the standard of the times and play to win, and the clergy—God only knows what they do or expect! Theatres, too, draw the larger and more intelligent congregations.

"My critical brethren are driven to pen and lecture for a living, and, like Edmund Sparkler and myself, are 'equally hard up for a remark.' Brother Maynard 'has neither time nor patience' with the millennial views, but, as Professor Totten and even Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll are heard, might we not borrow a method to awake our sleeping audiences? Brother Ward attacks 'our lieutenant' for saying the world will soon come to an end, when he is so far from saying it as a thousand years is from seven years. Pray how can a Millennium spin on if the world ceases to exist, or, is mille not in the 'Independent' dictionary?

"But the word Jahveh does not count 5851, but only 26! How do you know? The Latins counted years by driving nails in the temple walls and counting the nails—one, two, three. By this oldest of enumeration the early Hebrew alphabet only counted twenty-two in all, and all consonants, the vowels being supplied by the reader. When the Arabic or place system of numeration by decimal multiplication came in use, Brother Ward does not know. He attacks Professor Totten for its use. It is the second oldest system in the world, as the signs of numerals are older than all alphabets, and the counting by the ten fingers or hand signs is the very oldest of history or tradition.

"By the fingers, numbers were expressed up to ten thousand, and the manner of folding and indicating value by position was much like the signs of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet (see Encyclopedia Britannica, Art. Numeration) also (Hebrew). Thus the decimal enumeration is next to the simple sequence. The use of the abacus or squares or columns, to space the signs of number and give them value by position, is more recent than either signs or multiplication, and preceded the cypher or naught sign of place. The Etruscan division of the circle or naught, for values, still survives in the Roman numerals. The simple 0 became by perpendicular division 1,000, or by horizontal crossing the upright, or alone, as 100, or 500. To divide the 0/0, thus 0/0, or D, is 500 still, and one-half of the 0 or J, is L, or 50.

"Greeks, Hebrews, and Syrians used their first nine letters for units, and the rest for tens and hundreds. Both Ernest Renan and Professor Spengler agree that Arabia was the probable centre of Semitic dispersion, and until the Islamic emigrations of 637 A.D. the peninsula held the Semitic tongue in a purity uncorrupted by Assyrian or African contact and admixture. Hence it is probable that Arabic numeration was the one used by the Hebrew or middle Semitic races. But the Semitic twenty-two consonants failed at 71 or 400, and if Ezra invented the square letter of modern Hebrew he could compute from 500 to 900 without much confusion or repetition.

"But in the time of the Caliph Walid, 705-715 A.D., the Arabs had no signs of numeration. These so-called 'Arabic numerals' are Indian, and the present decimal system, with the zero sign (0) to enable us to dispense with the ruled columns of the abacus, came from India to Arabia, by an important ambassador, about 773 A.D.

"Mohammed, like Moses and Ezra, labored under the difficulty of expressing high numbers and long periods without convenient signs and our systems. Hence, in the Bible one reads that small and obscure places lost by battle or pestilence more persons than, by the context, they had; and little Israel and Judah, never capable in space or in productiveness of supporting vast populations, are said, by acts of man or of God, to have lost as the Persian, or Roman, or the German or American armies have lost, in more authentic historic times.

"Moses and Ezra may or may not have had such a convenience as the old Greek abacus found at Salamis, ruled in columns for 1, 10, 100, 1,000, and finally for 6,000 drachms or one talent. A board strewn with sand was the first slate, and then paper, but both were ruled in lines for values by space and position. The Nana Ghat inscription, India, dates from the early part of the third century B.C., but the use of initial letters, as M, D, C, for values, and multiplication by position, is much later. The oldest modern style date is 738 A.D., and Sanskrit writers used position numerals in 600 A.D.

"Into these researches Professor Totten has gone deeper than the

cyclopedists, and when he tells me that the consonants of the incommunicable name, with all its vowel sounds only surmised for two thousand years, means 5651, I take off my hat and—believe it! Why under the gematria of unknown Semitic origin, the letters קהר קהר mean 666 or the number of the Beast, and not simply six, or more, I really do not know. Yet the cyclopedists so say.

"Again Mr. Ward of the *Independent* writes: 'What Jesus Christ did not know it is preposterous for our lieutenant to attempt to discover by interpreting our Lord's words.' Ah! 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord.' Christ is God, but He was not God when He said: 'The day and the hour knoweth no man, neither the angels, nor the Son, but the Father only.' If the three masks or persons are one God, and if Christ is now the appearing face of the Invisible God, He now knows what in A.D. 30 or 33 His Father alone knew. But the Lord did then know that certain signs, as plain as the tender green of the budding fig-tree, would be seen by 'That generation' (Luke xxi., 32) spoken of, and when seen, would indicate the end as 'at hand,' with the precise date still unknown.

"Again, the *Independent* editor writes: 'If Christ did not know that His words meant that the world would come to an end in this decade, it is great conceit in Lieutenant Totten to find such a meaning in them.' Ah! What end? If it is the end of the physical world, the *Independent* editor is talking nonsense, for Professor Totten asserts the dawn of its thousand Sabbath years. If he means the time world, or age, then he has to prove that Christ did not know that his language meant the end of the age within this century, and the harder task to prove is, that if Christ received the glory he once had, but did not then have, and yet may now have (John xvii., 5), that He does not now know and by the Holy Ghost instruct Lieutenant Totten to know and declare what he then gave the signs of unmistakably (Luke xxi., 31). If Christ then had His 'glory' why did He pray to have it restored, and if He is now God, and the Father then knew, and He knew not that certain signs would precede the end, why did He tell believers to look for the signs as they did for leaves in the spring season?

"I have never seen Professor Totten's argument upon the long day of Joshua and the recession of the shadow upon the dial of Ahaz. The first has been to me but the coincidence of a long, clear, summer day, with a moonlight night, the one supplementing the other but not coincident. It is not likely that the moon helped the daylight, nor the sun the moonlight. The recession of the shadow, if caused by such a receding and rocking of the earth on its axis as would splash the seas over the continents, in my opinion never happened. Bible or no Bible, I do not think the motion of the earth has much altered or can alter, save as in a change of the axis of rotation. I believe that did happen in the Noetic deluge, and that the mighty waves of the spilled seas then drowned the planetary beings. If an ark rode out the cataclysm, it was the best boat that ever floated.

"If Professor Totten can explain how the earth ceased to revolve, or how it rocked back, he will have even more of my reverence than he now has. I look for the restoration of Israel and of Judah very soon, but not for the Millennium for centuries. To say what and why I believe in the identity of Saxons and Israel, and how I look for the Lord to come will take more space. He will come, but how and when?

"HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND.

"LOUISVILLE, KY., and BRUNSWICK, GA."

PROFESSOR TOTTEN CALLED A CRANK.

"EDITOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:—In my opinion you believe as firmly as I do that in a few years Professor Totten will be branded one of the blindest fools or charlatans of the century. His teachings are pernicious. They will cause insanity in many cases; else the history of the Millerites and others of that ilk will not be repeated. A newspaper should endeavor to instruct and entertain, and not play on the weaknesses of humanity. A Yale University crank may be as cranky as any tramp crank, and the tramp crank who would send such stuff to you would be called a fool for his pains. I speak thus frankly, for the reason that of late I have been a great admirer of your paper. To come down from the splendid articles of Atkinson and others to Totten's bosh seems like dropping from the heights into the mud.

"MET. L. SALEY,

"Editor N. W. Lumberman."

"CHICAGO, June 3d, 1891."

GOD'S BLESSING EXPECTED.

"I am reading with great interest Professor Totten's Millennium articles, and am buying copies for self, and others I give away. Keep it up and God will bless the paper.

W. G. DOUGLAS."

"BALTIMORE, MD., June 5th, 1891."

PROFESSOR TOTTEN'S THEORY CONTROVERTED.

"TO THE EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—For the sake of the reading public, and in the interest of New Testament exegesis, I wish to call the attention of Professor Totten to a few facts:

"1. The term 'millennium' is not found in either the Hebrew or Greek of the Scriptures. It is found six times in the Latin translation in only one book of the New Testament, in one chapter only, and in a confessedly difficult passage of doubtful interpretation. But upon this frail structure the doctrine of the Millennium is built.

"2. This assumption that the present divisions among Christians in respect to symbols of faith and church polity are in fulfillment of 'perilous times,' etc., is simply a bubble which bursts when we remember that Paul and Peter, and, in fact, all the New Testament writers, expected Christ to come during their lifetime. Only a strong imagination could construct a nineteenth-century Antichrist out of such passages, which predict a 'falling away'; but imagination is not exegesis.

"3. Will Professor Totten explain the parable of the mustard-seed and the leaven, which strikingly correspond with the magnificent growth of the kingdom from Pentecost to the present. In other words, while he is proving that the world is growing worse, how will he dispose of such prophecies which set forth the triumph of Christianity? (Matt. xviii., 20; xxviii., 20. John xiv., 18.) The very nature and origin of the kingdom show permanence, strength, and growth. It was never born to die in its infancy. It exists for ages; neither the gates of hell nor Professor Totten's logic (?) shall prevail against it.

"BIDDEFORD, ME.

WILLIAM RADER."

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

THE action of the Secretary of the Treasury in inviting the steamship companies landing at the port of New York to aid in the effort to prevent the landing of undesirable immigrants is timely, and must be productive of the most wholesome and practical results.

In a recent issue of this paper the suggestions of Colonel Weber, in charge of the Immigration Department at the port of New York, were printed. They made it clear that the best agencies for keeping out undesirable immigrants could be supplied by the Atlantic steamship companies. Under the existing statute the Immigration Department has a right to compel steamship lines to take back, at their own expense, immigrants who belong to the infirm, criminal, or non-supporting classes. The wisdom of this statute is evidenced by the fact that one of the leading lines, the North German Lloyd, has already given orders to its agents throughout Europe to bring no more of the undesirable classes, upon penalty of having to meet the expense that their rejection and return involve.

Secretary Foster, in his recent circular, invited other steamship lines to follow the good example set by the North German Lloyd, and there is no doubt that they will be prompted by self-interest to do this; because, as Colonel Weber said in his interview reported in these columns recently, the steamers must not only take the undesirable immigrant back to the port of embark-

ation, but must also, under the regulations of foreign countries, send the immigrants to their homes, no matter how far distant from the seaport their residences may be.

It is obvious that no steamship company will care to burden itself by opposing the statute, and the circular of the Secretary of the Treasury must, therefore, be productive of the best results, provided, of course, that the inspection of immigrants at our ports continues to be as rigorous and judicious as of late. If steamship companies compel their agents to refuse tickets to immigrants who may be excluded at our ports under the broad provision of the statute forbidding the landing of "persons likely to become a public charge," the sifting-out process will have been completed on the other side of the water, and little will be left for the officials of this Government to do.

It only remains, therefore, for the Secretary of the Treasury to insist upon the rigid enforcement of the law and the problem will be solved. Colonel Weber has pointed out in these columns that it may be found necessary to strengthen the law of last March so as to add to the powers of the Immigration Commissioner, and make his decision final in all cases, without the power of appeal and consequent protracted litigation. Now that a practical solution of the immigration problem has been well-nigh reached, it is believed that Congress will not hesitate, at the earliest opportunity, to make the statute completely effective.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

In a recent lecture in London Professor Geffcken said that Russia was bankrupt and overwhelmed with indebtedness; that ninety-two per cent. of the population are poor, and the Russian agricultural classes poverty-stricken. This is an amazing statement. A country with ninety-two per cent. of its people poverty-stricken must be in a hopeless condition. Compare it with the United States, where it is safe to calculate that ninety-two per cent. of the people are prosperous and happy, and not more than eight per cent. poverty-stricken. Is there any land in the world that can equal this?

In the recent general upheaval in New York journalism, a change in the control of the New York *Recorder*, the last but by no means the least of New York's morning dailies, has been brought about. Mr. George W. Turner, the publisher of the New York *World* during its recent phenomenal rise, is the new owner and manager of the *Recorder*, and signalizes his policy and his politics by boldly declaring for Mr. Blaine as the most available Republican candidate in '92. This is only one of many indications that Mr. Turner proposes, by a decisive and incisive policy, to attract and to keep the attention of the public. The *Recorder* typographically is one of the neatest papers printed in the city, and it looks as if, at last, it has fallen into the management of a man who knows how to achieve success.

The very able contribution of ex-Speaker Alvord, of Syracuse, to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER on "The Future of the Canals," has attracted much attention from the leading newspapers of this State. The Syracuse *Journal* summarizes Mr. Alvord's article and speaks of it as very able and interesting. The Troy *Times* is inclined to believe with Mr. Alvord that the time will come when the canals, in the nature of things, must be of national rather than of State value, and therefore be maintained by the general Government instead of by the State. It says: "Both the Champlain and Erie canals, if made into ship canals, would offer great facilities for the quick summoning of aid to our northern border, and doubtless the knowledge of our ability to rapidly mass our marine strength at any point on the Great Lakes would be as certain a preventive of trouble as would the most costly border fortifications." The *Times* truthfully adds to this just estimate of the situation, that "preliminary to this development of the canals must be the deepening of the channel of the Hudson River, so as to permit the passage of ocean-going vessels as far as the State dam." The Kingston *Freeman* thinks that Mr. Alvord reflects an opinion that is gaining ground rapidly. There is no doubt that in the State of New York, outside of New York City and Buffalo, the preponderating sentiment is in favor of national control of our canal system, and it would not be surprising if, in the near future, the contention over this matter should be made a leading issue in the politics of our State and possibly of the nation.

The farmers of Ohio, at their recent State convention, declared in favor of the tax-listing system, providing for the taxation of all forms of wealth at its actual value, less its actual indebtedness; a system of cheaper school-books; the suppression of traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and the issue of not less than \$50.00 per capita of full legal-tender money, to consist of gold and silver on a parity with each other, and paper. This is a platform very different from that of the Farmers' Alliance. It has more common sense, more justice, and more fairness to all concerned than the new-fangled notions of agitators who want an unlimited issue of money and demand the establishment of Government pawn-shops at every cross-roads. The farmers of the Central and Eastern States had an experience with paper money during the troublesome days of State banks, which culminated in the terrible panic of 1837. They want no more cheap paper money. They prefer gold, silver, and paper that shall be maintained on a common equality—not too much of one nor too little of the other; not "enough to go round," but enough to be worth a dollar at all times and in all cases. There are many farmers in the State of New York who will remember their experience during the incumbency of Governor Tompkins, when he fiercely resisted the effort to pass the infamous bank bill, though the petitioners offered to loan the State a million dollars to build canals and a million more to the farmers at six per cent. Remembering the past, the farmers of New York want no more cheap money. They prefer a dollar's worth in a dollar bill.

LIFE INSURANCE.—A NOTABLE CASE.

I HAVE several letters in reference to the famous Dwight insurance contest in Binghamton, N. Y., some years ago. "W. S. D." writes from Elmira as an agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, to say that the Equitable was the only company that paid its Dwight policy at once; that the Mutual Life

of New York had no insurance on his life, and that the New York Life and other companies (excepting the Home Life) pooled their issues and made the Germania's a test case. As the judgment was affirmed by each succeeding court, some of the companies paid until \$150,000 had been paid; but when the Court of Appeals sent it back for a new trial there was still \$105,000 pending, which was compromised finally for \$20,000, which was to be used in the payment of the costs of the Dwight estate, and if any residue remained the companies were to have the benefit of it.

"This compromise," W. S. D. adds, "was entered into by the attorneys of the Germania, but the other interested companies objected. The matter was referred to Judge Boardman Smith, who held that the attorneys were competent to bind all the companies. The decision of the Court of Appeals in this case was upon purely technical grounds, and in no other way could the companies escape the payment of their claims. I firmly believe that the Dwight case has been of more permanent benefit to every holder of a life-insurance contract than any other one thing that has occurred in the history of the business."

I will add to the above, for the information of my readers, that the Home Life of New York, following the example of the Equitable, paid its claim without contest. The companies that disputed the claim embraced the following, and I desire that my readers should know and remember the names: Manhattan, Northwestern Mutual, Germania, Mutual Benefit, Aetna, Union Mutual, Travelers', National of Vermont, Washington, New England, Berkshire, United States, Massachusetts Mutual, Metropolitan, State Mutual of Massachusetts, National of the United States, Homoeopathic, and Brooklyn.

"D. T." of Ithaca, writes, inclosing a scheme of insurance presented to him by the Phoenix Mutual Life of Hartford, and asks: "What would be your advice as to whether to take it or one of like amount in either the Equitable, Mutual, or New York Life? The rate in the three last named is identical, to wit: \$326. You see the rate of the Phoenix in this policy is \$375.90, thirty-year endowment in each. Which company would you select? Which is the best and safest managed?"

I certainly should not select the Phoenix Company. Get out of a leaky boat whenever you find it is leaking. With a policy in any of the great New York companies you can peacefully sleep at night.

"F. H. C." of Elizabeth, N. J., inquires regarding the "Fraternal Guardians," of Philadelphia, which offers in three and a half years to pay its members \$625, when only \$224 has actually been paid in. He says: "Can you give me any positive information to prove it a swindle other than the fact of its apparent impossibility? I should be obliged to you for the information which would deter others from joining the organization."

My correspondent asks for the impossible. I have been warning my readers for a year past against these alleged bond investment schemes, and yet they have been jumping into them by the thousand, until the State authorities of New Jersey, New Hampshire, and other commonwealths, have had to take a club to drive them out. The fools are not all dead yet, and there is no evidence that there is any epidemic in sight to carry them off.

"E. C." of Poplar Ridge, N. Y., writes to know what is the necessity of having so large a surplus in the insurance business. He says: "Is there any reason why the Buffalo Life and Reserve cannot carry out their promise to make the bonds issued from the dividing of their surplus to policy-holders pay the assessments at the end of ten years? The agents of the old-line companies say they cannot do it."

I answer that whether they can or not depends entirely upon whether the concern's affairs are economically administered. The Buffalo Life and Reserve has, I think, an economical but not a very brilliant management. It may be taken as a rule that the success of an insurance company depends, as the success of every business depends, almost entirely upon its management. I say this without reference to the system it adopts.

"Young Man," of Alton, Ill., wants me to name some insurance companies in which he can get solid and safe insurance. I can certainly recommend to him four old-line companies of New York: the Mutual, Equitable, New York Life, and Home Life. He will find cheaper insurance, if he prefers the assessment plan, in the Mutual Reserve of this city, and if he seeks still cheaper insurance in a fraternal order, he can go into the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Royal Arcanum, or the Knights of Honor. If he wants safety and security above everything else, let him choose the strongest companies he can find and take no agent's word for anything.

"H. A. M." of Bellefonte, Pa., says he would like to take out an insurance policy for \$10,000, and prefers straight-out life insurance and not an endowment plan. He says he notices that the rate of the Mutual Reserve Fund, at his age, is \$12.32 per thousand, while that of the old-line companies is \$28.17. He wants to know why there is this difference, if both are sound? He also asks a question in reference to the names of sound companies which I have answered in the preceding paragraph.

My correspondent is right in believing that the Mutual Reserve figure is low for current straight life insurance; but he must bear in mind that the difference in the rate is made up largely by the enormous reserve funds of the old-line companies, and that these funds are to be returned to him in his older age; furthermore, that they give him an established and sound security, which is not a small consideration to a man who seeks life insurance.

"L. C. W." of New York, says: "I hold a policy issued by the Prudential Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J., for \$90, dated February 5th, 1881, on which I pay twenty cents per week. Up to date this would make me pay \$111. Am I entitled to interest on my overpayments at my death, or do they pay me the full amount of my payments at my death? Death occurring now, would I receive \$111?"

I can only say that I do not understand the form of contract entered into by my correspondent with the Prudential Insurance Company. I am told that it is able to fill its contracts, and advise "L. C. W." to submit the matter to the company. If the answer is unsatisfactory, I will be glad to hear from him again.

"H. E. S." of Pittsburg, Pa., asks for information in reference to a circular of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, setting forth a new scheme—a policy combined with a bond of the Lombard Investment Company, called a "duplex assurance bond." "H. E. S." asks if there is any advantage in such a scheme.

I certainly see none. It comes from an insurance man who is prolific in schemes. In fact, he is known among other companies as the "Colonel Sellers of the insurance business."

"Alpena" of Alpena, Mich., wants information regarding the National Life Insurance Company of Vermont, and submits a contract which they have offered to make with him. The National Life is a sound company, not very large, but able to fulfill its contracts, though it offers nothing better than stronger companies in New York City offer.

The Hermit.

NEW YORK DISPENSARY.

THE New York Dispensary, situated at 137 Centre Street, is the oldest charitable institution of its kind in New York, having been founded in 1790. This dispensary, in the one hundred and one years of its existence, has treated an aggregate of nearly 2,200,000 patients, a considerably larger number than any like institution in the United States. During the past year 45,650 patients have been treated, making a total number of 119,278 visits to the dispensary. The dispensary is under the management of a board of trustees, having for its president Frederic J. de Peyster, and Alfred Roosevelt, treasurer. Dr. Condict W. Cutler is the physician-in-chief of the medical staff, and is assisted by Drs. Francis Valk, O. C. Ludlow, W. C. Gilley, J. M. Byron, B. E. Vaughan, F. Ginnasi, W. H. Caswell, and G. W. Blakeslee, dentist. The district department is under the care of Dr. Robert Campbell, assisted by Dr. J. C. Mackenzie, and two trained nurses, Mrs. M. E. Dilts and Miss Cordelia A. Campbell. The drug department is carried on by the druggist, Mr. A. R. Braenulich, and his assistant, Mr. E. S. Willis.

The dispensary furnishes medical and surgical aid to all deserving sick poor, no matter where they live; and an outdoor service to all who live in its district. This district is the largest dispensary district in the city, embracing all that section of the city below a line starting from the North River and running through Spring to Broadway, up Broadway to Fourteenth Street,



THE BRIDEGROOM, DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.



THE BRIDE, MISS ELAINE GOODALE.

AN INDIAN AGENCY ROMANCE.—THE EASTMAN-GOODALE WEDDING.

through Fourteenth Street to First Avenue, and down First Avenue, Allen, and Pike streets to the East River.

The dispensary is largely dependent upon *voluntary donations*. Filling the sphere it does, it should never lack a generous and adequate support.

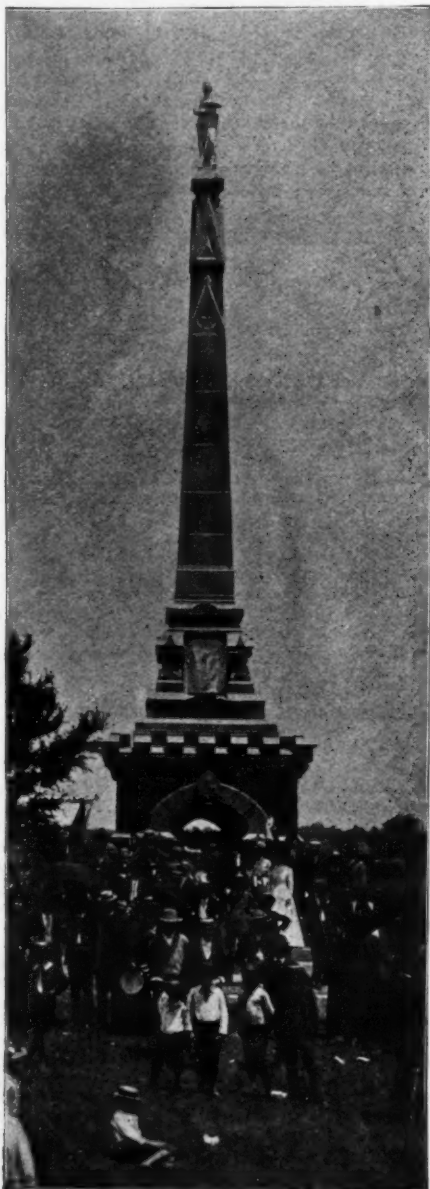
MISS ELAINE GOODALE.

IT is rarely that such diverse elements of romantic interest unite as in the marriage of Miss Elaine Goodale to Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, which took place on June 18th, at the Church of the Ascension in this city. Miss Goodale is the elder of two sisters, Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, the child-poets of the Berkshire Hills, whose poetic work began in 1873, in a little paper to which all the family contributed, and which used to be read for their entertainment in the evening. "The Harebell," which was Elaine's first contribution, and which she transcribed in printed characters, is the second poem introduced in the volume, "Apple Blossoms," which was published in 1878, and contains their earliest poems. The poetic insight, intimate knowledge of, and deep feeling for, nature that this little book disclosed, indicated that these poems were the results

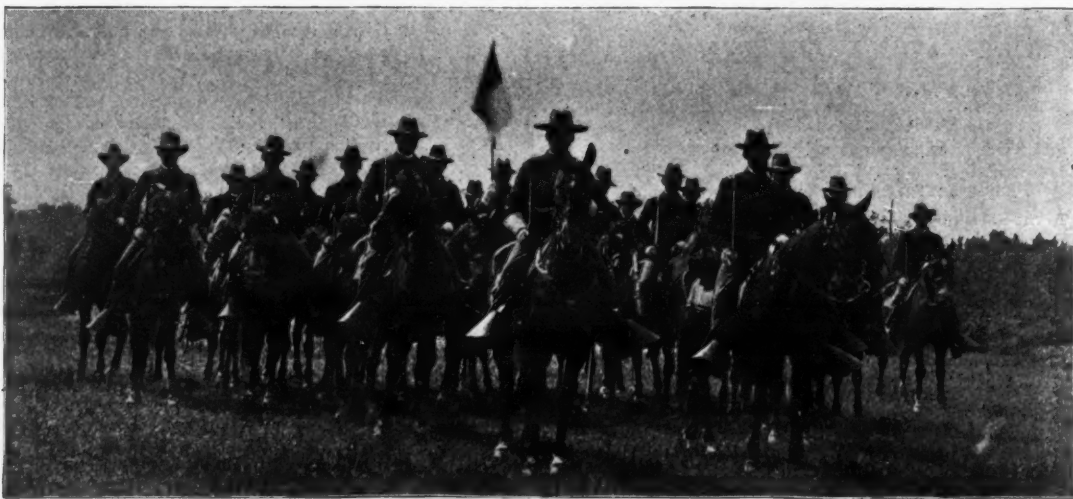
neither of superficial nor of imitative powers. The reputation then won by these young poets was confirmed by their maturer work. They continued to write, and now for publication in the various magazines and newspapers, and with the same sense of spontaneity that marked their childish poems.

At length Elaine became a teacher in the Hampton Normal School, under the direction of General Armstrong, and from thence was transferred to the Sioux country, where she was subsequently made Government Inspector of Indian Schools, traversing the country fearlessly with her Indian escort and camp equipage. It was while stationed at Pine Ridge that she met Dr. Eastman, a Sioux whose only white blood descends from his paternal grandfather, Captain Charles Eastman, of the United States Army. It is his name that Ohyesa, "The Winner," has now adopted. Dr. Eastman is a graduate of Dartmouth College, where he left a good record. He afterward studied medicine, and is now a physician in the service of the Government at Pine Ridge, which will be the future home of the young couple.

Miss Goodale has long been interested in the Indian question, and has been of service to the Government in its endeavor to arrive at the solution of this difficult problem. A contribution from her pen will be found on the editorial page.



The monument.

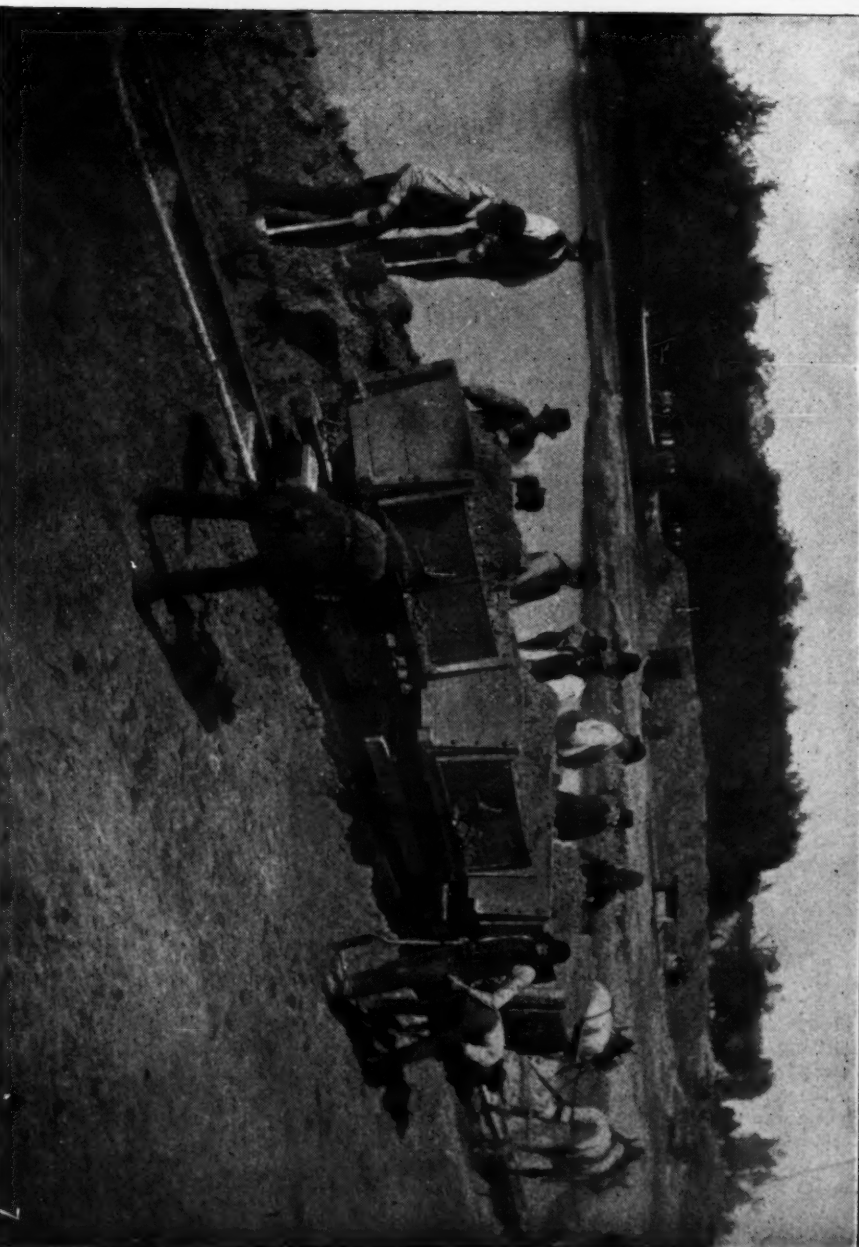
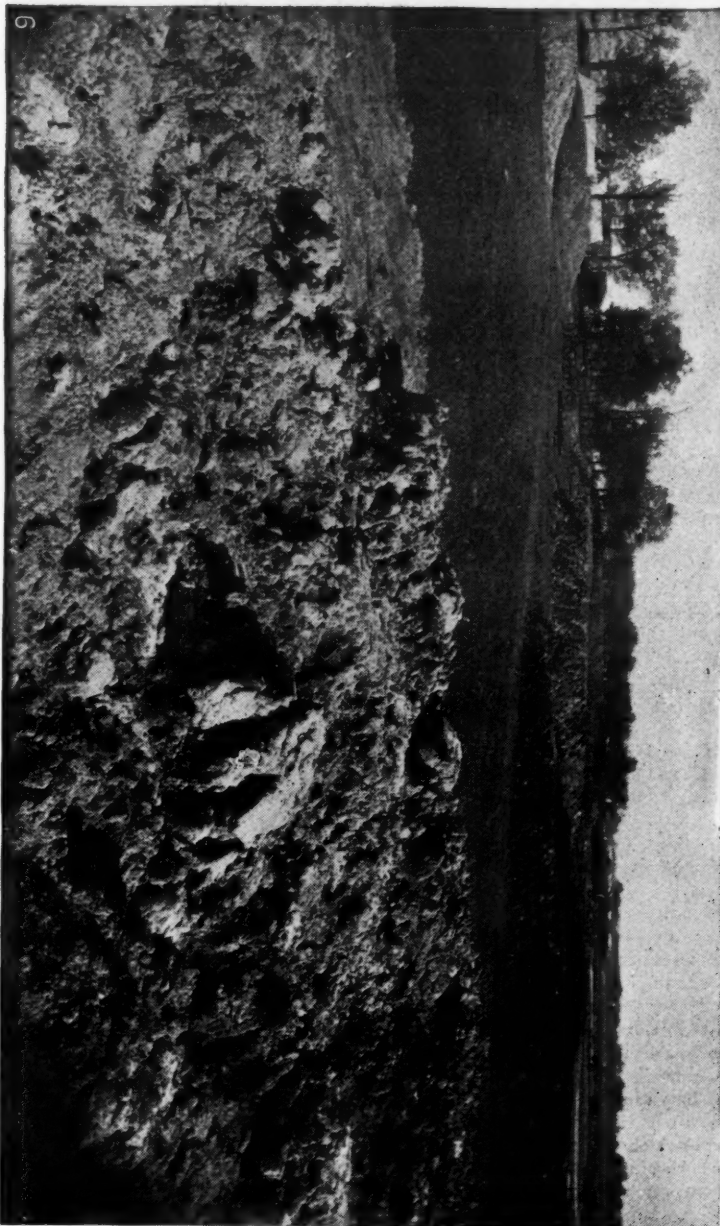
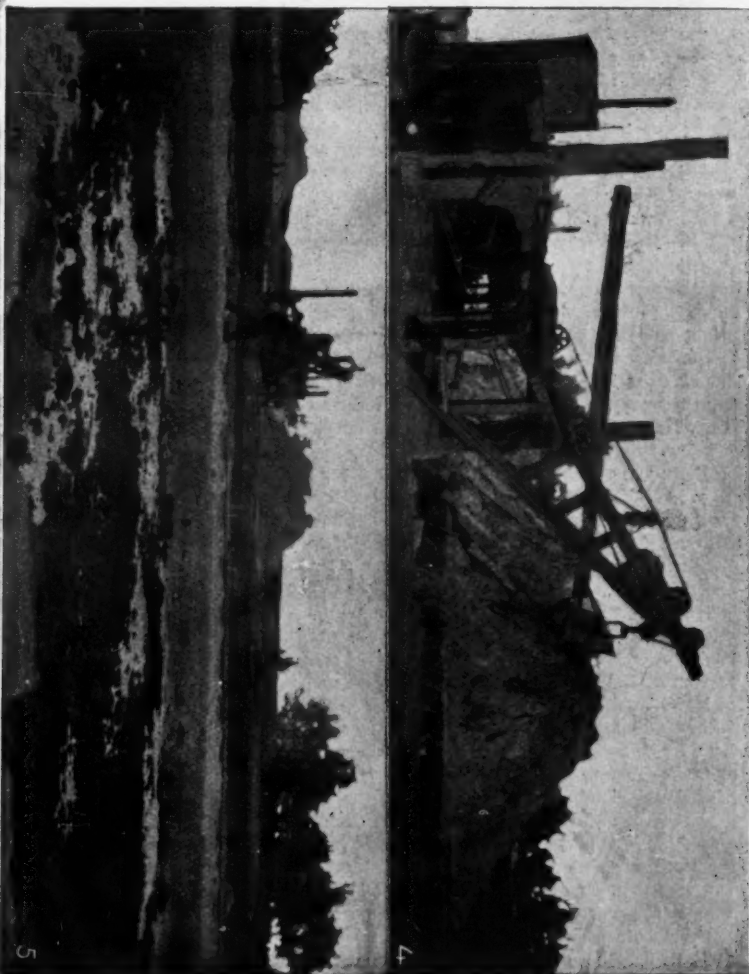
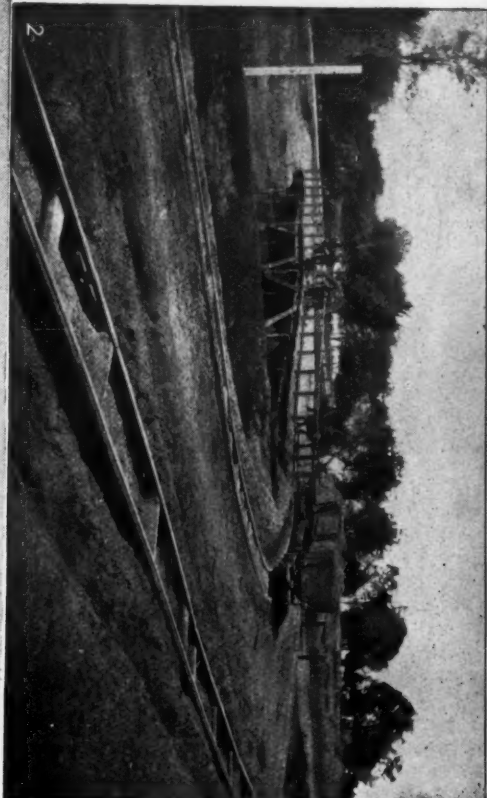


The mounted cavalry company.



Group of young ladies representing the Confederate States.

THE UNVEILING OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, JUNE 3D.—[SEE PAGE 355.]



1. Leveling the grounds. 2. Jackson Park bridge. 3. The grounds as seen from Jackson Park bridge. 4. The big dredge. 5. Dredge at work in Jackson Park. 6. A partial view of the grounds. 7. At work on one of the lagoons. THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FAIR GROUNDS AT CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOS BY A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.—[SEE PAGE 365.]

OKATILLAS.*

THEY spring erect and cleave the radiance bright,
In stiff, gray shafts, thick set with many a spine
Bayonet sharp; half hidden by the fine,
Close-growing leaves; the arid land's delight.
A plume of flame, a flash of scarlet light,
The tufted flowers run lightly down the line,
Like tongues prophetic that in days divine
Descended on apostles in men's sight.
But most like hoary ranks of Indian seers,
Waiting release from life's encircling bars,
Full of the garnered wisdom of their years,
With long remembrance of old strifes and scars;
While on their venerable heads appears
The flame that marks their heirship to the stars.

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

* Okatillas are stiff, thorny, gray sticks used by Mexicans for fences and for drying the weekly wash, the thorns taking the place of clothespins. During the rainy season the stalks are covered with small, fine leaves, and tipped with stiff plumes of scarlet blossoms growing in clusters, and haunted by honey-bees and honey-loving birds. It is a modern instance of the blossoming of Aaron's rod.

MISS FEROBIA'S FAILURE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.



YOU'RE a stannin' in yer own light, Feroby."

Timothy Filbert shook his head solemnly as he spoke. He was a large man, with small, light-blue eyes, and a chronic stoop in the shoulders, suggestive of a too steady application to the plow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light," he repeated, impressively.

"Mebbe you're right, Timothy," admitted his sister, meekly. She was not naturally of a meek disposition, but there are times when the most spirited person feels crushed by circumstances, and such a moment had

come to Miss Ferobia. Timothy felt somewhat placated by the unexpected admission.

"Tain't too late yet," he suggested, briskly, taking his seat at the breakfast table, where his sister was already pouring the coffee. "You jest say the word, Feroby, an' I'll give Jason Smallweed a hint that you've changed yer mind."

His pale-blue eyes glanced inquiringly at his sister, but Miss Ferobia's momentary meekness seemed to have vanished as unaccountably as it had appeared.

"I haven't changed my mind," she retorted with much asperity. "I won't marry Jason Smallweed, nor nobuddy else. I'll stay right here an' keep house for you the balance of my days."

Timothy wriggled uneasily. He had his own reasons for not appreciating the generous offer. To fortify himself for the disclosure which must be made he swallowed half his coffee at a gulp.

"I—I—the truth is, Feroby," he stammered, with a crimson countenance, "I felt so sartin I was a-goin' to lose you, I—I asked Nancy Garget, an' she said she'd have me."

The cat was out of the bag now, and Timothy mopped his face with his handkerchief and breathed a sigh of relief.

But Miss Ferobia, like a sensible woman, bore the shock bravely.

"And how soon am I to give up my situation?" she asked. Timothy grew uncomfortable again.

"Hey? Oh!—why—you needn't to be in a hurry. It won't come off fur a week yet," he hastened to explain. "An', of course, you know I wouldn't hev nothin' agin yer stayin' right along, same as ever, only Nancy, she—"

"You couldn't hire me to stay," was the reassuring answer, and Timothy congratulated himself on having the matter so easily settled. "It puzzled me consider'ble to know why Timothy was so sot on me changin' my mind," reflected Miss Ferobia, as she washed up the breakfast dishes and polished the knives and forks. "But it's plain as a pike-staff now. I might o' knowed he was sayin' one word fur me an' two fur hisself."

Miss Ferobia was as unlike her brother in appearance as she was in disposition.

While he was stoop-shouldered she was straight as an arrow. And though, as she admitted, she was "getting along" in years, her bright eyes and fresh complexion contradicted the assertion.

At her brother's request she remained at her post until the wedding was over and the bride installed in her new home.

There was very little congeniality between the two women, and Mrs. Timothy Filbert was disposed to triumph over her sister-in-law.

"I s'pose you wasn't a-countin' on your brother marryin'," she remarked, disagreeably, as she combed out her ink-black tresses before the square-framed looking-glass in the best room.

"He had a right to please himself," rejoined Miss Ferobia, composedly.

"But what are you going to do?" persisted the bride. "As I told Timothy before I promised to have him, the house wa'n't big enough fur two families, an' you couldn't expect to stay after I come."

"An' as I told him, I wouldn't stay if he paid me for it," retorted Miss Ferobia, emphatically.

"Oh, you're mighty independent," sniffed Nancy, tossing her head. "I suppose you're a-calculatin' to take up with Jason Smallweed. You wouldn't ketch me marryin' a widdener," she added, maliciously. "If I couldn't be the table-cloth I wouldn't be the dish-rag. But I s'pose he's Hobson's choice with you."

The truth was that she was afraid her sister-in-law might still manage to retain a place in the household by hook or by crook, and she was determined to provoke an altercation in order to prevent such a sequence.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be drawn into a quarrel.

"He may be Hobson's choice, but he is not mine," she returned, coolly.

Nancy, however, was as persistent as a gnat or a gadfly.

"I don't doubt but what you'd rather have Felix Byefield," she suggested, slyly; "but you needn't to count on gittin' him, fur he's a-keepin' comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' everybuddy says they're a-goin' to marry after harvest."

It was a random shot on Nancy's part, but her black eyes sparkled with malicious triumph as she saw by her sister-in-law's burning cheeks that the poisoned arrow had struck home.

Miss Ferobia deigned no reply, however, but went coolly about preparations for her own departure.

She had rented a small cottage and a few acres of ground a mile or two from the old homestead, and Timothy could do no less than get out the spring wagon and drive her to the new home.

It was yet early in the springtime, an' the wild plum-trees were white with bloom. The tall maples and elms by the roadside swung their light tassels in the soft breeze, and myriads of buttercups and purple-hued pansies dotted the grass-grown lanes.

"I dunno what you wanted of so much ground 'round your house," remarked Timothy, reflectively, as the wagon rolled easily along. "Half an acre would of been enough, I should say."

"No, it wouldn't," maintained his sister, stoutly. "I'm a-goin' into the gardenin' business, to raise truck fur the markets."

Timothy whistled.

"You'll make a failure of it, sure as guns," he declared, ruthlessly.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be discouraged.

"There's plenty of men make a livin' at it, an' why not me?" she asked. "I've got a little money laid by to start on. An' I've got a stout pair of arms, an' never was sick a day in my life; so why should I make a failure of it?"

But Timothy only shook his head and remarked, vaguely, that it was "onpracticable, and she would find out," and declined to commit himself further. And the conference was cut short by their arrival at the cottage.

It was a lonely place, but Miss Ferobia was blessed with strong nerves, and solitude had no terrors for her.

She had accumulated a few odds and ends of furniture from time to time, the gifts of various friends and relatives, which went a good way toward furnishing her diminutive dwelling.

And when they were arranged to her satisfaction, and a square of bright rag carpet tacked down in the centre of the room, Miss Ferobia felt as happy as a king.

She was too tired after her day's work to do more than take a cup of tea and retire to rest. But a comfortable night's sleep on the old-fashioned square-posted bedstead restored her energies, and for the next few days she was as busy as a nailer over her preparations.

Lem Dodson was hired to plow the "truck-patch," a cow with a young calf was bargained for, and a few fowls of the Plymouth Rock and Dorking species were purchased and were soon cackling vigorously around their new quarters.

After a little more help from neighbor Dodson, and a vigorous use of the hoe on Miss Ferobia's part, the ground was in readiness for planting, and the ambitious market-gardener sat up till long past her usual bed time looking over her stock of seeds, and selecting those requisite for immediate use.

There might still be late frosts, she reflected, and such tender plants as beans and cucumbers, summer squashes and nutmeg melons, would be better out of the ground than in it for a few days to come.

But beets and lettuce, spinach and marrowfat peas and rutabagas, would stand anything short of a regular freeze, and might be safely planted at once.

And, late though she sat up, the first pink flush of early dawn did not find Miss Ferobia napping the next morning, nor for many mornings to come.

She was up with the birds, and after a hasty breakfast out she sallied, and hoed and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freckled and her cheeks tanned. But gardening is hard work, at best, and though Miss Ferobia labored with a will, the grass and weeds would creep in here and there in spite of her vigilance. The purslane—"pusly" she called it—and horse-nettles grew faster than her butter-head lettuce or white spine cucumbers.

Then the weather was not always propitious, and her first planting of sugar-corn and early rose potatoes rotted in the ground.

But Miss Ferobia, nothing daunted, replanted the vacant rows with later varieties, and in due time the seed sprouted and gave every promise of a luxuriant crop.

But from that time on it was, as the little woman declared, a "tussle" between herself and the weeds.

While she was hoeing her cabbages and kohlrabies and weeding her silver-skin onions, the cockle burrs and wild morning glories were flourishing among her sweet corn and potatoes.

She worked early and late, however, to eradicate the tenacious interlopers, and finally succeeded in accomplishing her task. When lo! one unlucky night Farmer Nubbins's pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence, and played havoc among the growing crops.

Small wonder, indeed, if our heroine lost her temper at last, and pelted those pigs with clods, or whatever came handiest, and even whacked one of them across the snout with the hoe-handle.

But with all her efforts it was late in the day when the last one of the marauders was disposed of, and the fence patched up, after a fashion.

(I will say here, in parenthesis, that I do believe a woman could vote, and even make laws, and execute them, too, as well as a man, under some circumstances. When I say "under some circumstances," I mean if she were not hampered by prejudiced and unreasonable colleagues. But when it comes to patching rail-fences, the least said about woman's capabilities the better.)

However, Miss Ferobia's workmanship, if not exactly artistic was sufficiently ingenious to prevent further inroads in that direction.

But for some reason, from that time on the Fates seemed to turn a cold shoulder on her efforts.

The rabbits feasted on her early York cabbages and marrow-

fat pease, the striped bugs worked destruction on her cucumbers and Cassava melons, the Colorado beetle devastated her potatoes, and the squash-bugs ate up her Boston marrows and patty-pan squashes. The foxes, minks, owls, and hawks, to say nothing of opossums and weasels, thinned the ranks of her young Dorkings and Plymouth Rocks; and, to make matters worse, her cow turned out to be a "jumper" and brought disgrace on herself and trouble to her mistress by daily raids on Farmer Nubbins's corn-field.

This was the last straw, and, like the mythical camel, Miss Ferobia broke down under it.

"There ain't no use a-tryin', as I see," she lamented dolefully as she set out her one cup and saucer, in readiness for her tea. "A lone woman don't have no chance at all."

"An' here I've spent all my money, an' my garden ain't wuth shucks. And Timothy, he'll say he told me how 'twould be, and that I'd better o' married Jason Smallweed. And I almost b'lieve—I would— No, I wouldn't, either. I won't take up with a crooked stick, if I be nearly through the woods—"

"Evenin', Miss Feroby," interrupted a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sun-browned face.

Miss Ferobia shook hands with her visitor, and drew forth a chair for him, with a secret fluttering at her heart as she remembered her sister-in-law's insinuation.

But Felix was evidently bent on making himself agreeable.

"An' so you've struck out for yourself," he observed. "Gittin' along first rate, I opine. You must show me your garden."

"I haven't got no garden, an' you sha'n't see it," declared Miss Ferobia, inconsistently. "It's all choked up with weeds—I couldn't keep 'em out. An' what with the bugs, an' the rabbits an' pigs, I ain't got a cabbage-head left, skeercely."

"Sho', now, you don't say! Why, if that ain't too bad," responded Felix, sympathetically.

"An' the varmints has took all my young chickens," continued Miss Ferobia. "An' Farmer Nubbins is a-goin' to shoot my cow, an', an'—"

The thought of all her woes was too much for her, and she began to sob, hysterically.

"Don't cry, Miss Feroby; please don't," urged Felix. "He sha'n't shoot your cow, I promise you."

But Miss Ferobia shook her head, and dried her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"I'll sell the cow," she declared, soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can cook if I can't make garden."

"No need to hire out," put in Felix, eagerly. "I—I want somebody to cook fur me. Say you'll marry me, Feroby!"

But Miss Ferobia in her surprise stared at him, then hung her head, blushing like a girl.

"It's so—sudden," she whispered.

"What's the odds?" asked Felix, boldly. "I wanted you long ago, only I couldn't somehow git the courage to ask you. Say yes, won't you, Feroby?"

And after a little more urging Miss Ferobia *did* say yes, and felt very well contented with her future prospects, in spite of her weedy garden.

"Timothy will say the truck business was a failure after all," she reflected, as she washed up her supper dishes at night, with a very light heart, "but he can't say it wasn't a *successful* failure, anyhow."

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

E. H. WELLS BEGINS HIS NARRATIVE OF THE DESCENT OF THE YUKON RIVER—AN ERROR OF SCHWATKA CORRECTED—THE TAHK RIVER AND NOT THE TAGISH, IS THE UPPER YUKON.

"SHOVE off!" Two poles were shoved into the sand, two pairs of sinewy arms gave a vigorous push. Yielding to the impulse, a craft of singular appearance moved slowly out from the beach of Lake Arkell. It carried three white men—A. B. Schanz, Frank Price, and myself—bronzed by exposure, and one Indian, "Indiank," naturally bronzed, representing FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER in the exploration of Alaska.

A square sail, made out of a tent-fly, was now hoisted upon a roughly-hewn, stumpy mast, from which, by the way, fluttered a small American flag. As the westerly wind caught the canvas the mast bent slightly forward and the unwieldy hulk started on its adventurous career.

There was no steam-engine, no stern-visaged cook, no anchor on the misshapen thing. The hull was absolutely non-sinkable. Nine long, parallel openings allowed the water to enter freely—but then it as freely washed out again. The main deck rose but eighteen inches above the surface of the lake and supported a large tent, under which was stored a miscellaneous assortment of blankets, guns, field-glasses, coats, cameras, pantaloons, beans,—of the quality that are recognized among the Four Hundred in Boston,—rice, fresh XX bacon, dried apples, and other provender.

The raft—for such it was—bore the name, "City of Chicago." In it were combined ten big logs leagued in indissoluble union by heavy cross-bars. These logs, mark you, were the first that had ever been chopped by white men in the forests bordering on Lake Arkell.

Readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will recollect that after the expedition reached Lake Arkell, B. C., two members of the party, E. J. Glave and John Dalton, were detailed upon important work in the Aleck River district. They had left us at the Bailey Islands, Lake Arkell, on June 8th, 1890, the day before my narrative begins, and I had no idea but that we should meet again in the fall. But it was not so to be. Strange events were in store for us—events that would force us to travel several thousand miles further than had been planned. The phantom of starvation was to beckon at us in a mountain trap, in a game-forsaken region. Adventures were to befall us in swift succession.

It was late in the evening of the 9th when the *City of Chicago* reached the foot of Lake Arkell, and we tied her to a tree on the bank. Our calculations showed that the lake was some forty miles long. Subsequent discoveries placed it in a new light, as the head of the Yukon River. We noticed that the outlet to

Lake Arkell was narrow and that the waters glided forth from it with great energy, forming, we presumed, the upper Tahk.

On the following morning we were astir early, and once more embarking, were soon dashing along at a pace at once exhilarating and exciting.

The theory of navigation was simple, involving only agility in keeping the ever-approaching banks and rocks at a safe distance, but occasionally we would "miss stays" as we attempted to go briskly about on the other tack, and then a thump from beneath would indicate an unpleasant shallowness above rocks. The logs received terrific blows at times from the bowlders, but the pins held fast and the leaks between the timbers did not widen.

As the current swung swiftly from bank to bank at each bend the *City of Chicago* was borne into unpleasant contiguity to partially uprooted spruces overhanging the water, and several times our light canvas boat floating alongside came near being crushed.

Finally, a long-armed "sweeper" reaching out from the right-hand bank succeeded in getting in a cuff that sent the mast of the raft flying overboard, and almost carried away the canvas cabin. But the vessel without her mast could travel just as well as ever, and we gave ourselves little concern about the matter.

Meanwhile I had jumped into the canvas boat and cast it loose from the raft, rowing some distance ahead and keeping a sharp lookout for obstructions. The current was running eight knots, and a collision meant destruction to the boat. But despite my watchfulness, I got into a scrape. Rounding suddenly a short bend I saw that I was in the jaws of a small but vigorous cascade that, splitting around a huge rock, ran roaring and throbbing into a boiling pot-hole beneath. There was no chance to retreat.

Seeing that I was in for it, I braced myself firmly at the oars and made the dash down the incline. The passage was good until the boat and I reached bottom. There a tall, angry breaker was in waiting. It reared its white crest and trembled menacingly as I rushed forward, powerless to stop. Wemet! The frail cockle shell quivered and recoiled under the terrific blow, then rose bow first into the air with such suddenness that I was unceremoniously thrown heels over head into the bottom of the boat while the oars arose into the air.

A cloud of spray dashed over me. For an instant the danger was appalling. The light oak framework of the boat was severely wrenched, but its elasticity stood the strain. A moment afterward I was riding in comparative safety among less sanguinary billows.

The raft escaped my experience by descending another channel—the river dividing above the cataract.

On the following Wednesday it became necessary to go into camp before noon in order to secure astronomical observations. While Schanz was at work with the sextant, "taking the sun" on the banks of the Tahk, I made an excursion into the forest with Indiank, in search of game. Traveling northwest, we ascended a mountain fringed with trees and bushes at its base, but bare and rugged several hundred yards above us. Looking down from a considerable altitude, the country spread away in panoramic beauty on all sides. The valley of the Tahk could be distinctly seen for miles, the glistening stream winding in and out among the bluffs like the convolutions of a huge python. Away to the left stretched a wide, forest-clad depression, down which flowed a stream of considerable size, a tributary to the Tahk. Indiank informed me that it was called by his people the Te-haut-o-heena. I named it Mendenhall River, in honor of the superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. The old Indian drew me a map of the Mendenhall, showing that its source was in two lakes, and indicated that there were Stick Indians living at the head-waters. By a grotesque admixture of signs, Chinook jargon, and broken English, he also contrived to let me know that the lakes were about thirty miles distant, and could be reached by a trail which followed the banks of the stream.

The valley of the Tahk appeared fully fifteen miles wide, and was quite fertile. It may in time support a considerable white population.

On Thursday, June 12th, the craft made twenty miles down the Tahk. As yet we had seen no large game, the country appearing to be absolutely deserted although heavily timbered. Numerous old game-trails were noticed along the bluffs and hills, indicating that four-footed inhabitants had been in the vicinity at some time. The evident conclusion was that in summer the game leaves these mosquito-haunted regions for the high mountains and returns in the fall and winter. This belief was afterward confirmed by observations in the far interior.

At 4 P.M. the next day we reached the mouth of a tributary of the Tahk. As it was of a considerable size we stopped to investigate. Schanz and I stepped into the canvas boat and made a careful survey of the junction, arriving at some surprising conclusions. The tributary proved to be the Tagish, or so-called "upper Yukon," which Lieutenant Schwatka had descended and named five years before. I had also descended the stream in 1889, and had therefore accurate knowledge of its characteristics. Having descended the Tahk, which Schwatka had not done, I was in a position to compare the Tagish with the Tahk, and I was convinced that the last-named river was in reality the upper Yukon. At the juncture of the two streams we found that the Tahk had a larger volume, and what was more important, the general configuration of the Tahk valley was identical with that of the Yukon below.

Another noticeable fact was that the Tahk current swept almost completely across the mouth of the Tagish, blocking the sluggish current of the latter and making it appear more like a "slough" than a tributary. Our observations upon the Tahk did not show that there was any unusual stage of water at the time, and the Tagish also appeared to be of ordinary height, thus permitting a fair judgment of the two. It is often difficult to determine which is the main stream and which is the tributary at a junction point, owing to the varying stages of streams. One may happen to be unusually high and the other low at the time of observation.

It can further be said in favor of the Tahk as against the Tagish that the former is navigable for steamboats for four times the distance that the Tagish is navigable, and that in addition to being the larger stream of the two, the Tahk is the longer.

E. H. WELLS.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT JACKSON, MISS.

THE unveiling of the Confederate monument in Jackson, Miss., on the 3d day of June, was witnessed by forty thousand people, who had anxiously awaited for months that patriotic day—the day that made every Southern heart beat with a quickening pride for the great success achieved by Mississippi. She alone is entitled to the honor of erecting that towering monument of respect to the dead soldiers of the lost cause who slumber upon her breast. The pageant of the day was in every respect a magnificent one. The profusely decorated streets dazzled the eye on every side, and when at ten o'clock the procession started from the capitol there was a swaying mass of humanity too dense to penetrate.

Heading the procession was Governor Stone, General J. B. Gordon, and General Henry, the Governor being attended by his staff officers, all mounted on beautiful black horses. Then came the veterans, hundreds and hundreds of them, many armless and maimed, many with stooping frames and gray hairs; next came thirty well drilled and equipped military companies, sons of living Confederate veterans and sons of the dead heroes to whom the shaft had been reared. After parading the principal streets they were drawn into line and stood with lowered guns; then came the float bearing the fifteen young ladies who represented the States of the Confederacy; after these the carriages bearing the Hayes family and other distinguished visitors, the whole proceeding to the capitol grounds, where the monument is located.

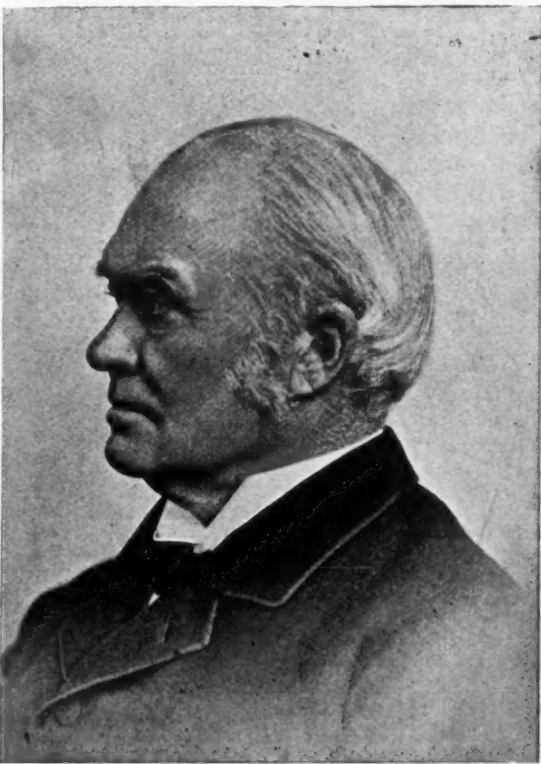
Here the services commenced with prayer by Rev. Father Picherit, after which General Hooker, the silver-tongued orator of the South, in behalf of the Ladies' Monument Association, presented the veiled monument. As he concluded, General Henry, amid great applause and the salute of guns, presented Mrs. Maggie Davis-Hayes and her little son, Jeff. Davis. Mrs. Hayes bowed and smiled on the mighty throng, while the tiny hands of little Jeff. grasped the cord and earnestly and zealously pulled until the veil dropped from the monument amid deafening applause. Thus the last act was done by the hands of the dead chieftain's grandson, and in triumph he was borne away in the arms of Rev. Dr. Sproles. Then a wild shout from the crowd went up: "Bring the child back! Let us see little Jeff. Davis once more!" General Henry took the boy in his arms and held him up before the crowd, by this time wild with excitement. In an eloquent speech Mr. J. H. McIntosh accepted the monument in behalf of the State and Confederate veterans. Then came General E. C. Walthall's speech, the greatest effort of his life. The beautiful tribute to Jefferson Davis by ex-Governor Lowery was in its way a gem. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Sproles closed the services and the day of triumph for Mississippians.

One of our pictures shows the group of ladies who represented the States of the Confederacy, as follows: Miss Annie Stone, niece of Governor J. M. Stone; Miss Maria Lowery, daughter of ex-Governor Lowery, and Misses Mary Dawsey, Courtney Walthall, Annie Hemingway, Nellie Fewell, Corinne Sykes, Sallie Cowan, Kate Porter, Virginia Hunt, Caroline Martin, Marybelle Morgan, Anniebell Powell, and Annie L. Stone. Each lady bore in her hands a banner, on which was written in gold letters the name of the State she represented.

J. E. WOOTEN.

THE NEW CANADIAN PREMIER.

THE crisis in Canadian affairs, occasioned by the death of Sir John Macdonald, has been terminated by the appointment of Senator J. J. C. Abbott as his successor. Senator Abbott was the leader of the late Government in the Senate, and has been for many years conspicuous in Dominion affairs, having entered public life in 1857. A lawyer by profession, he has ranked as one of the leading authorities of the country in commercial law. In 1862 he was solicitor-general, and subsequently prepared and procured the passage of what is known as the Insolvency Act of 1864, the basis of the present Dominion Bankruptcy laws. He was the legal adviser of Sir Hugh Allan in his negotiations with Sir John Macdonald's Government over the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway, and he was somewhat smirched by the scandal which ensued upon the discovery of the money transactions connected with this affair, thereafter going into private life for several years. In 1880 he re-entered Parliament, and seven



HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, THE NEW CANADIAN PREMIER. FROM A PHOTO BY NOTMAN PHOTO CO.

years later became a member of the Cabinet as a minister without a portfolio. He has been known as one of the most trusted advisers of Sir John Macdonald, and his appointment seems to give satisfaction to the western provinces, Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces. Quebec, however, was strongly in favor of the appointment of Sir John Thompson to the premiership. The new administration will be carried forward on the old lines, at least for the present.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

"SHE wore a wreath of roses"—so runs the old song—and it will doubtless be oftentimes quoted in regard to the millinery of this season. Flowers of all sorts and varieties which adorn our hats and bonnets were never to be seen in such profusion and such perfection. One pretty bonnet is made with a plaited rush brim, and the crown is composed of a bunch of yellow daffodils. A hat of bronze chip is draped with a scarf of embroidered mauve chiffon, and has sprays of wisteria upon the crown. Another tasteful specimen is of very fine brown chip, with a broad, flat brim draped with cherry-colored *crêpe de chine*, and caught up becomingly at the back, with a huge bunch of cherries and leaves which meander over the crown in a very picturesque fashion.

The rage for colored beads and tawdry jewels has well-nigh exhausted itself by its own intensity, but jet continues to retain

its hold upon popular favor, and the *cabochon* stills clings tenaciously to our clothes—though it be but by a thread. Little cloaks are of black silk and black cashmere covered with jet and steel *cabochons*. Fine cloths of stone and beige and heliotrope are glistening with every shade of colored *cabochons*. Plain house-dresses are relieved with belts of narrow galloon set with small jewels, and the sleeves and neck have also a band. In fact, belts are an important item of the fashionable toilette this season. Soft leather, velvet, canvas, passementerie, and gold and silver are employed in the different varieties. There are Russia leather bands clasped with the owner's monogram in silver; slender, flexible chain belts of gold, and, perhaps, daintier than all others, accentuating the slenderness of the waist, are of

black velvet, and clasped with old buckles of paste and silver.

Nun's-veiling is almost entirely out of use, being replaced by a soft, creamy make of goods, which does not easily crease and hangs limp to the figure. The woolen fabrics have almost all a sprinkling of indistinct flowers, and a garniture of bright silk braid on the corsage, pointed at the front and back, gives a slender style.

Black silk, with baskets of flowers and immense bouquets, adorn the front breadths of dinner and reception dresses. Green *crêpe* robes with garnitures of wild grasses, and white tulle gowns with trailing ivy leaves or garlands of daisies and violets are the most elegant of watering-place toilettes.

The latest parasols are singularly attractive; one of pale yellow silk is covered star fashion with gold-spangled net, which is caught at the end of each point into a rosette. Another is of white with embroidered flounces of fine Russian net, and a third is of scarlet, with graduated frills, deftly contrived to cover each rib.

Some of the new stockings have very peculiar patterns; one, for instance, is striped with all the colors of the rainbow; another has a sort of dice pattern in black and white; a third has a corrugated

surface, and a fourth is parti-colored. There are lots of other odd patterns. Stockings in a soft shade of Russia leather, with open-work fronts, look pretty worn with shoes made of that material. A new stocking of closely-ribbed make suggests the name of corduroy silk, and as between each tiny ridge there is an open-work, it must be delightfully cool to wear, and it is altogether sufficiently fascinating to induce any woman to want to put her foot in it.

Since we have learned the comfort and coolness derived from wearing blouse waists, they have been classed among the indispensables. And there is such a wide range of material to choose from for their making, too. Pongee in its natural color is as inexpensive and serviceable as anything, and may be worn with a great variety of skirts. The blouse illustrated this week is made of pongee, and trimmed with self-embroidery. The second illustration gives a yachting-costume of dark-blue serge. It is made with a gathered waist opening over a vest of yellow striped silk, and belted with a soft sash of the same. The over-jacket has turned-back revers of yellow cloth, and is held together below the belt by pointed straps of the cloth.

ELLA STARR.



YACHTING-COSTUME.



PONGEE BLOUSE.



A DISASTER ON THE TAHK.—"A LONG SWEEPER, REACHING OUT FROM THE BANK, SENT THE MAST FLYING OVERBOARD."



THE EXPLORER WELLS GOES DOWN THE TAHK RAPIDS.

PERILOUS EXPERIENCES OF THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" EXPEDITION TO ALASKA.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH FROM SKETCHES BY E. H. WELLS.—[SEE PAGE 354.]

CENTRE STREET CHARACTERS.

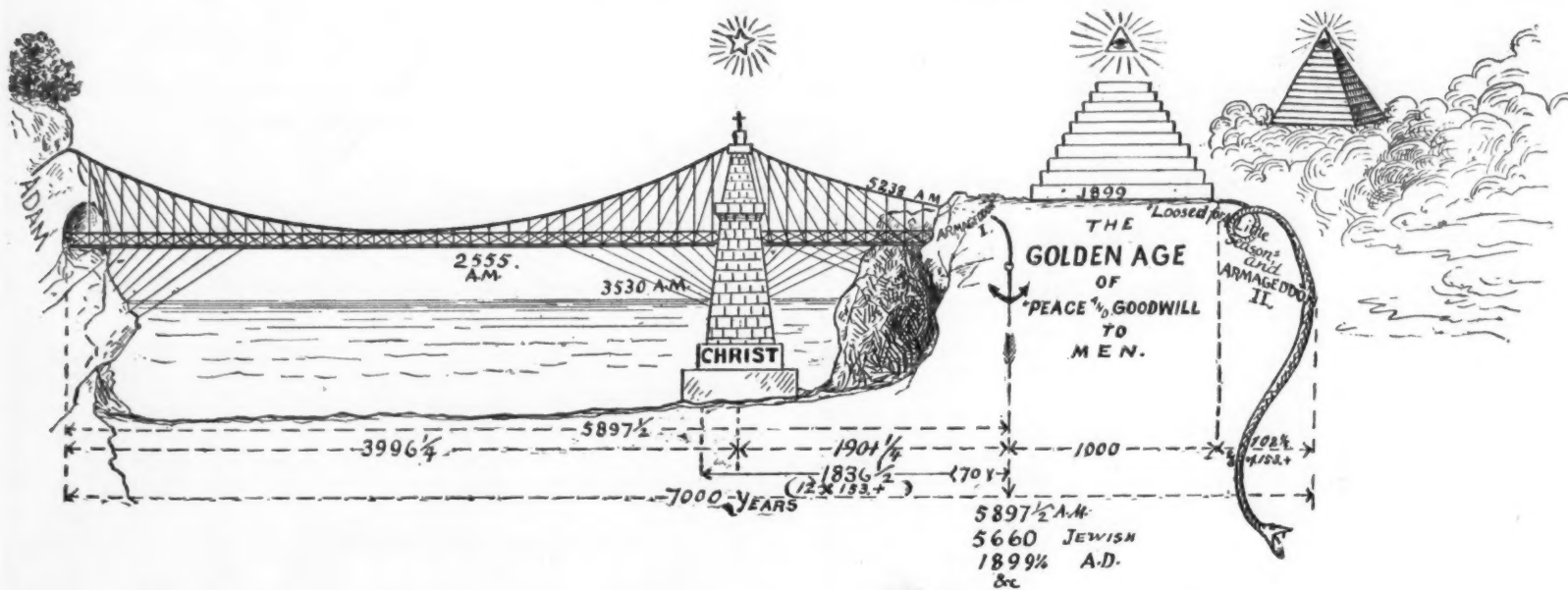


WAITING TO BE TREATED.

THE HOUSE DOCTOR AT WORK.

SCENES AT THE NEW YORK FREE DISPENSARY, CENTRE STREET, NEAR CANAL.

DRAWN BY J. DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 352]



THE MILLENNIUM: IV.—WHEN I BELIEVE IT WILL COME.

UPON the 2d of July, 1874, Disraeli, then the Prime Minister of England, gave evidence thus to his profound conviction, to wit: "The great crisis of the world is nearer than some suppose." Surely in this, the seventeenth year thereafter, must we be nearer to this cataclysm, and as surely it behooves God's "wise and faithful servants" to proclaim its immediate outcome (Matt. xxiv., 36-37), which is the Millennium. In the *Forum* Professor Goldwin Smith lately added his testimony to a generation of witnesses, saying: "There is a general feeling abroad that the stream of history is drawing near a cataract now; and there are apparent grounds for the surmise. There is everywhere in the social frame an untoward unrest, which as usual is a sign of fundamental change within. Old creeds have given away." The *Saale Zeitung* states that Count von Moltke, just prior to his death, concluded an exhaustive study of European armaments, ending with the assertion that France was ready for war and Russia nearly so, and that a great conflict could not be delayed beyond 1892. He submitted these views to the Emperor during his last visit to Lubeck. These are not isolated opinions, nor is my own mind in such solitary sympathy with the religious or lugubrious side of the matter as many of my critics claim. To establish this let me quote what a fairer contemporary admits, and what the rest suppress. "It is strange, but right upon the heels of Professor Totten's statement comes the announcement of the great Prophetic Congress, that was recently in session in the Mansion House, London. This congress was composed of hundreds of the most learned bishops, prelates, members of Parliament, and deep thinkers of the age. They gave it out as the result of their combined wisdom and labor that the end of the 'world' (age) would come on or about the year 1899."

In what, forsooth, does all this differ from what the readers of these brief letters have had set before them, unless it be that I have given reasons for the conviction that is in me, and set them forth on "tablets so that men that run may read"? It strikes me that such facts sufficiently condemn the editor of the *Independent* as an ignoramus, and show that he of *The Christian at Work* is only working amid the "tares." As for me, I have been laboring in other portions of the field. For thirteen years I have been watching the "cycles," conning the "prophets," calculating the "times," and noting the "signs," and I have been taught that what God hath cleansed no man should dare to condemn as common! In other words, to me it has been demonstrated that the Pyramid of Egypt, the Apocrypha, the deeper Masonry, the Cabbala, the Talmud, and the very Myths unite in ascribing greatness unto Him whose "word," in its more authorized form, certainly bears no uncertain testimony as to that whereof I am a witness.

Conscious, then, of where I stand, and of the years of labor wherein its firm foundation has been laid, what should I care for adverse criticism, concocted at one sitting by unfriendly reviewers—save that I cannot but admit concern that so many of my fellows prefer the "sound of brass and tinkling cymbals" to sound reasons.

Let me refer my readers to *Æsop's fables*, and suggest the teaching of that one describing the final circumstance of those who would not heed the oft-repeated cry of "Wolf!"

Again, as for myself, I am neither "that prophet" nor "Elias"; I am but the voice of one of Israel's many watchmen on the towers of time, the mere echo of "a midnight cry," for "the morning cometh," and also the night! "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," and it is "the Millennium." But the kingdom of another is its herald in the guise of judgment! Go ye not after that, for all its ways lead to destruction.

All of the cycles are running into perihelion together, and all the signs of spring upon the "Annus Magnus" are putting forth their buds. Chronologically I believe and know that we are living in "the final year of grace," and I have explained my meaning. As it is a "day of the Lord," being Jehovetic (5651), and as last Sunday was the "summer solstice," the *midnight hour* has struck! And in the present article I will show the face of the dial.

History is about to repeat itself upon a concentrated scale, and when this particular section of the final chapter begins, "faith" must give place to "fact." Work cometh of faith, and faith of grace (Rom. xi., 5-6; James ii., 18-26), but "when the son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Verily these be the days of the unjust judge, and already hath the widow begun to trouble him with her importunities. (Luke xviii., 1-14.)

"Watchman, what of the night?" This being, therefore, the question, I will answer it by another. Stood we, awakening from a dream, upon the Brooklyn Bridge, with dense fog all about us, could we determine our position with reference to the shore? Undoubtedly we could. Not from the catenary itself, perhaps—or, at any rate, not from it alone—but from the directions of the subordinate cables, the bend of the roadway, and perchance the trend of the traffic passing us.

It is exactly so with chronology. Its grand catenary of years, upon which hangs the bed of history, is an accurate astronomic

sequence, and throughout its length it has been "set" to meet the necessary strain. It is well anchored to both shores of "Time." Starting with "Adam" on the thither bank, the first great arch bends to its place of rest in "Christ," the solitary Pier that founds the structure. Thence, forward, moving to the hither shore, its cable sinks its anchor in the Second Advent. The road is steep to reach the plain beyond, and round its termination are the legions of "the enemy" arrayed. The race is nerving for the fray, and Michael and his angels have already joined in battle for the Lord. The war, as yet, is in the heavenly places, but the rout begins, and soon the vanquished hosts of hell will find their final foothold on the earth. Then woe unto the inhabitants thereof, for Satan knows his time is short!

The several tables which accompany this paper have been taken from my vindication of Biblical chronology, entitled "Joshua's Long Day and the Dial of Ahaz," and constitute the meat of all my calculations. In the first table will be found the almanac of the opening month of the "Mosaic Creation," or, rather, the "years of the generations of Adam," and bracketed against its first and *literal* "day" will be found the *origines* of cycles, which, without lapse, stretch down to ours, and dominate our current almanacs.

In the second table, several of the more important systems of chronology are harmonized about the year of the Nativity, so as to show their relative places upon the true or A.M. years. It is a very important pillar of chronology, and is the pier on which we build.

In the next table I show the general skeleton of "Gentile times." They commence with 3376½-7½ A.M., when Nabopolassar, the father of Nebuchadnezzar, revolted from Assyria (3376½) and was crowned (3377½ A.M.) as the first king of "the Chaldee Babylonian Empire," or "The Head of Gold." Thence its 2520 "set" years extend in their full solar amplitude to 5897½, which is our 1899½. The seven years insanity of Nebuchadnezzar terminated in 3442½ A.M. A year and a half covers his restoration, epistle, and demise. With 3444 to 5888, both inclusive, we have the thing typified in 2520 *short*, or lunar years. Then comes the brief spell, a corresponding year and a half of "grace," and the whole era winds up with what Esdras denominates "as it were, a week of years" (4 Esdras vii., 43), and gives of them a dismal picture.

In the final table I have simply enlarged the scale, encompassing this *initial* "period of judgment," and against it have set other scales in due array so that any one may enter it upon familiar lines, and thereby quicker reach the central one, which now is hastening to its end.

Its end, as I read chronology, is the beginning of the Millennium, and answers the question set at the opening of this paper. I know of no flaws in these tables, either astronomical, chronological, or historical, and by means of them I am permitted to convey to all my race the substance of my own convictions.

As I am my brother's keeper first, and my own next, I recognize the double responsibility, and I would acquit myself thereof. It is on this account that these articles have been placed in a secular newspaper, so as to reach the by-ways and hedges, and compel those who wander there to hasten to the supper ere the doors are closed. As for the churches, and the religious press, "they have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them!"

Finally, and in view of what now must first come to pass, let me quote at length the closing chapter of "the teaching of the Twelve Apostles," lately recovered by Bryennios, the Metropolitan of Nicomedia.

"XVI. Watch! for your life's sake! Let not your lamps go out, nor your loins be ungirt, but be ready, for you know not the hour in which our Lord cometh. Assemble oft, seeking the things pertaining to your souls, for the whole time of your faith will not avail you unless you be perfected in the last time. For in the last days false prophets and corrupters shall be multiplied and the sheep shall be turned into wolves, and love shall be turned into hate; for as lawlessness waxeth, men will hate one another, persecute and betray; and then will appear the world seducer, like the Son of God, and he will do signs and miracles and the earth will be given into his hands, and he will do iniquities that have never been done from the beginning. Then the human creation shall come into the firing of trial, and many shall be made to stumble and shall perish, but they that abide in their faith shall be saved from this curse. And then shall appear the signs of the truth: first the sign of an opening in the sky; then the sign of a trumpet's voice; and third, a resurrection of the dead, not all, but as it hath been said: The Lord will come and all the saints with Him. Then will the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven."

W. L. Totten

YALE UNIVERSITY, June 23d, 1891.

[NOTE.—Professor Totten is Professor of Tactics in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale University.]

GENERAL CHRONOLOGY.

He that hath "eyes" is "wise"; let him count the "times" hereon.

A. M.	
Creation of Adam. (Gen. i., Chron., Hist., and Astron., agree with inspiration.)	0
Birth of Enos. (Gen. v., 3, 6.) His name is significant!	235
A quo of Current Jewish Calendar (Gen. iv., 26).	238
Warning as to Flood; 120 years previous; to a day!	1536
Flood begins (Sabbath 17th, 2d mo.) Equinox to Equinox!	1656
Flood ends (Sabbath 27th, 2d mo.) 365½ days duration!	1657
Abram leaves Ur Tuesday, 15th day, 7th month.	2082
Abram enters Egypt. (Jacob 215 years thereafter).	2083
Exodus 430 years thereafter (Tuesday, 15th day, 7th mo.).	2513
Joshua's Long Day (Tu.-Wed., 24-25th, 4th civil mo.).	2555
Temple Founded (4th year of Sol.) (480 y. after Exodus).	2993
Temple Dedicated (was 7 years building).	3000
Captivity of "Israel," fall of Samaria, end of year.	3284
Dial of Ahaz, Solar "New Year's Day," Wed. 18th, 1st mo., Lunar.	3293
Captivity of "Israel," Transferred to Media.	3306
Nabopolassar ascends. "Times of the Gentiles" begin.	3377
Captivity of Judah. (Jehoiachin).	3406
Cyrus the Persian. (N.B., 3d year of "Darius the Median" Dan. v., 31; xi., 1.)	3468
Cambyes 2d year, 70 years captivity ends.	3476
Riddle of Esdras, Solar New Year's Day, 14th year of Ahasuerus.	3530
Twentieth year of Artaxerxes, "70 weeks" begin, Lunar.	3557
Alexander the Great. (Daniel viii.).	3660
Augustus Caesar.	3971
Birth of Messiah, Dec. 25th, "While shepherds watched!"	3996
Thirtieth year of Augustus Caesar. (753 A.U.C.)	4000
Messiah "cut off," "but not for himself!"	4029
Jerusalem captured (Pagan, to Papal Rome, Transition).	4637
Scribe's Annotation in Esdras (5000 A.M., Jewish).	5238
Warning as to "End." (120 years.) "The Dark Day," etc.	5778
"Inexplicable" <i>Herschel!</i> Matt. xxiv., 29. (May 19th, 1780)	
"The 2300" years End (Dan. viii.), Lunar	
i.e., 2230 Solar years.	Palestine
We are cleansing the Temple, and the Host Redivivus!	5890
is returning.	
End of "The Times of the Gentiles" (2520 Solar years).	5897
The 1335 year of Daniel, 5660 Jewish, 1899 A. D.	5898

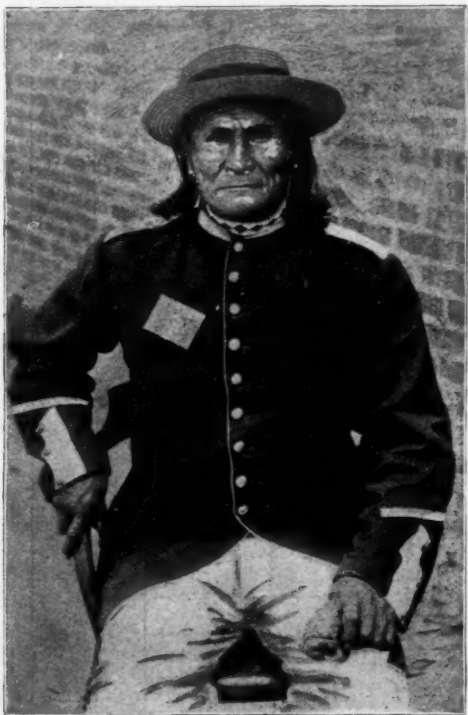
First Advent. Second Advent.
3530 : 3996 :: 5000 : 5660!
 Christian. Jewish.
Ne Varietur. Adiel.

CHRONOLOGY. THE BIRTHDAY OF TIME. THE HISTORICAL AND SCIENTIFIC STARTING POINT.

Year 1 Astronomical, or 0 A.M. 1656 before the Flood, 2555 1-4 before Joshua's Long Day.		5898 Solar Years before the Autumnal Equinox of 1890 A.D.	
Year	Date of Month.	1st Civil Month, Autumnal Equinox.	
First Day, ★ Sunday.	1	I. The cycle of the Hours begins.	
Second Day, Monday.	2	II. The Solar year begins with the first day of the week (apply Solar cycle as a test).	
Third Day, Tuesday.	3	III. The ancient Solar cycle begins, seven Lunar years. (Antediluvian) intercalated.	
Fourth Day, Wednesday.	4	IV. Common Team of Eclipses begins.	
Fifth Day, Thursday.	5	V. The Lunar cycle begins, i.e., Metonic.	
Sixth Day, Friday.	6	VI. A Moon begins agreeing with ours.	
Seventh Day, Saturday.	7	VII. Scriptural History begins. No dates fall to accord with this "line of time."	
	8	VIII. The maximum cycle of Eclipses begins.	
	9	IX. Proved by the transits of Venus.	
	10	X. Proved by the transits of Mercury.	
	11	XI. Prophetic times and cycles commence.	
	12	XII. The week begins, agreeing with present sequence.	
	13	XIII. All the rectified dates of secular history corroborate this date.	
	14	XIV. The Equinoxes agree thereto.	
	15	XV. The genealogies of the Bible agree.	
	16	XVI. Finally, all astronomy and history that does not agree thereto is necessarily <i>bores</i> . Beyond it there is nothing "pre-historic" — geology, evolution, and disbelief to the contrary notwithstanding.	
	17	"In the beginning," of which Moses wrote, the concentrated activities of "Elohim" laid the strata of the earth as set forth in Genesis, and we have no <i>ex post facto</i> basis upon which to judge the results. Chronology corroborates the account. This is sufficient.	
	18		
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	30		



Mount Vernon Barracks.



Geronimo.



Cha-hua-hua.

Na-chez.

Loco.

Nave.

Geronimo.



Captain Brinkerhoff's residence.



The Indian camp.



Indian gamblers.

APACHE INDIAN PRISONERS AT MOUNT VERNON BARRACKS, ALABAMA.—FROM PICTURES BY G. B. JOHNSON, SELMA, ALA.—[SEE PAGE 364.]



SIR W. GORDON-CUMMING IN THE WITNESS-BOX.
SKETCHES DURING THE TRIAL OF THE FAMOUS BACCARAT CASE IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE, LONDON.



SIR W. GORDON-CUMMING

SIR F. POLLOCK



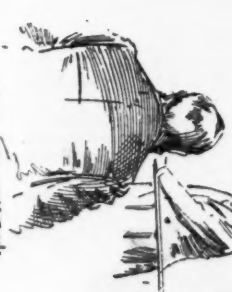
THE PRINCE OF WALES
IN THE WITNESS BOX.
"YOU ARE TALKING THE SAME OLD
STORY OCCASIONS?"



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THE PLAINTIFF (SIR W. GORDON-CUMMING)
UNDER CROSS EXAMINATION



SIR EDWARD CLARKE
ADDRESSING THE JURY



ON THE RIGHT OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE



BACCARAT IN MINATURE BY
SIR C. RUSSELL

GLEN ECHO, THE NATIONAL CHAUTAUQUA.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOTS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC
—A NOBLE ENTERPRISE IN WHICH SCHOLARS,
STUDENTS, AND INVESTORS WILL
ALL BE INTERESTED.

THE work that the Chautauqua idea has done for the American people need not be enlarged upon. Every one recognizes its breadth and depth. Bishop Vincent's ideas, after years of incessant and prodigious labor, have borne their fruits, and all over the United States Chautauqua schools and circles have been established, stimulating young and old to reading, study, and intellectual, moral, and religious development.

It will please every friend of the Chautauqua idea to know that perhaps the highest development it has found is now under way on the upper Potomac. The Glen Echo Chautauqua is one of the noblest enterprises of its character ever originated. It is the fifty-third of the Chautauqua institutions thus far formed in the United States, is chartered under the laws of Maryland, and the charter provides a million dollars for the construction of buildings and the improvement of the grounds.

Among the incorporators are Major John W. Powell; Commissioner of Education William T. Harris; Bishop Hurst, Rev. Dr. Newman, Rev. Dr. Hamlin, Elijah W. Halford, Private Secretary to the President; Dr. William A. Hammond, Edward and Edwin Baltzley, Beriah Wilkins, Dr. A. H. Gillet, A. S. Pratt, James B. Henderson, and a large number of other prominent clergymen, professional and business men, some of whom have been for many years identified with Chautauqua work.

Located within four and a half miles of Washington, on the famous macadamized conduit road, high up on the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and upon the majestic bluffs that overlook the most picturesque and entrancing part of the Potomac River, Glen Echo offers superb attractions for all the purposes of a summer resort and a place of delightful residence. The conduit road runs over the Washington Aqueduct and follows the bank of the river, constituting a grand boulevard, and as it is owned by the Government and is for the protection of the conduit, it is kept in splendid condition. Two and a half miles of this delightful thoroughfare passes through Glen Echo, cut out of the mountain sides at a point where the tall hills, the Potomac, and the road come together in a happy conjunction, making one of the most picturesque and inspiring drives in the country.

It is easy of access not only by carriage, but also by the Glen Echo Railroad by way of Tenallytown, and is the most beautiful suburb of the finest residential city in the United States. In the soft, summer, Southern air, and amid the wild picturesqueness of Glen Echo, one finds all the inspiration, the healthfulness, and enjoyment that the Adirondacks and the Catskills offer in their deep seclusion. This charming spot especially appeals to those of refined and artistic tastes, and for this reason we present to the public some of its most delightful features. It has a future which was long since recognized by such far-seeing investors as the late Mr. Corcoran, the banker, and others.

Building material is abundant, and five quarries of various colored granites, already opened, furnish the stone for granite houses for all who propose to build at Glen Echo, and at the bare cost of quarrying. Arrangements have been made for the construction of a magnificent hotel, to be known as the Monican, to occupy the crest of one of the most commanding hills on the Potomac, affording a grand view of the river in both directions, and taking in the Virginia hills beyond. This is to be built of granite and made fireproof, and, next to the Chautauqua, will be the most attractive feature of Glen Echo.

The pictures presented by our artist include several beautiful and substantial residences which already adorn the place, including those of Edward Baltzley and others, some of them costing as much as \$100,000. We also present a view of the handsome lot owned by Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the President. The electric railway, now in course of construction, connecting Glen Echo with Washington, and the electric lights that are to be provided throughout Glen Echo both add to its attractions, and some of the choicest villa sites have sold as high as \$30,000.

Another consideration of importance is the healthfulness of the place and its excellent water supply. The health officer of Washington, Dr. Smith Townshend, says: "The salubrity of the foot-hills of the Potomac valley, ranging back from the river on its northern bank between Washington and the Great Falls, ranks second to none in this section of the United States." Mr. J. Liberty Tadd, who originated the decorative and industrial art movement in this country a few years ago, and who is now at the head of the art schools in Philadelphia, declares that the Potomac River at Glen Echo has greater natural beauty than the Rhine.

At this delightfully picturesque spot Mr. Edwin Baltzley, formerly a prominent hardware manufacturer of Philadelphia, and a gentleman of well-known philanthropic instincts, and his brother, Edward Baltzley, a leading citizen of Washington, have planned the great Chautauqua assembly, in which the public is manifesting such general interest. As its promoters and chief architects they deserve unstinted praise. Already the fruits of their labors are beginning to appear, and the buildings and grounds for the summer meeting at Glen Echo, in sight of the dome of the national capital and on the shores of the historic Potomac, are well worthy the consideration of the intellectual and literary men and women of the land.

Buildings adapted to the different phases of Chautauqua Assembly work are in the course of erection on the Chautauqua grounds along the magnificent river front of Glen Echo. These include a grand amphitheatre to seat 8,000 people, the largest and the best in the country; college buildings, lecture halls, music academy, schools for physical culture, kindergarten, school of cookery, and other buildings. The amphitheatre was formally dedicated on the 16th inst.

Eighty acres of ground have been set apart as a contribution to the cause of popular education, including nearly a mile and a half of river front, surmounting a bluff over one hundred and seventy feet high, from which one of the grandest panoramas

that nature affords stretches out as far as the eye can reach. The amphitheatre is built in a perfect circle, two hundred feet in diameter, with its great iron roof supported by three circles of columns, the outer circle of rough stone, and each column three feet in diameter. The platform will seat five hundred persons, and reaches to within twenty feet of the centre of the room. From its front a nearly level area extends over sixty feet, and the seats rise in terraces so that every one is brought within easy seeing and hearing distance of the stage. It will be furnished with easy opera-chairs and lighted with electricity. It is a gem of architectural effort.

Two hundred yards away, upon the crest of a bluff, stands the Hall of Philosophy, of Potomac granite and absolutely fireproof. The platform is under the dome, and has seats for four hundred people radiating from it toward the entrance. The first floor will be divided into a series of rooms for special classes, committee rooms, and offices for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles. From the open sides of the hall charming views of the river and the Virginia hills beyond can be had. It will be an ideal place for Round Tables and vespers. Over the principal approach to the hall the arches of the C. L. S. C. will be sprung, and at the entrance to the park will stand the Gate of Gold.

So great has been the demand for building sites ever since the project took form, that the choicest have realized fancy prices, surpassing even those offered at the original Chautauqua. At the present rate of demand, it will not be long before all the lots will be disposed of. The association very kindly offers to erect tents upon lots for the purchasers who may not desire to erect cottages, and to give opportunities for camping during the Chautauqua meetings, equipping the tents with electric lights, and furnishing all this accommodation at a reasonable cost.

The programme of the summer session, under the management of Dr. A. H. Gillet, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Field Secretary of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and since 1878 an active co-worker with Bishop Vincent, is much like that of the original Chautauqua, and the studies to be pursued embrace literature, history, science, and Bible study. While the field of general literature will be carefully surveyed, the sciences, including geometry, geology, physiology, biology, natural philosophy, and political economy, will be treated in science primers and plain, practical philosophical works.

Some of the most eminent men engaged in Chautauqua work will participate in the summer meeting at Glen Echo. Among these are Bishop Vincent, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Talmage, who delivered the address at the formal opening on June 16th; Jehu De Witt Miller, John B. Demotte of the DePauw University, lecturer on scientific subjects; Peter von Finkelstein Mamreov, who will deliver a series of lectures on Oriental life; Dr. Lysander Dickerman in a course of illustrated lectures on Egyptology; Dr. Thomas Dixon, the brilliant and witty divine of New York; Thomas Nelson Page, the well-known author and reader; Maurice Thompson, the author; the Rev. Russell Conwell, the versatile lecturer; Dr. W. L. Davidson, the accomplished traveler and student; Dr. George L. Spinning; Dr. William R. Harper, of Yale; Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of New York, and others.

Special attractions will include the Washington Marine Band, the Swedish Male Quartette, the New York Stars, the famous Georgetown Orchestra, and an excellent band.

Lectures in series will include a course on recent archaeological discoveries in Palestine, by Dr. T. P. Wright, of Cambridge, Mass.; lectures on economic problems of the present day by Professor Scott, of Johns Hopkins University; a series on American history by Miss Jane Meade Welch, of New York; one on great English political leaders by Robert Moen, of London; and one upon literary questions by Leon H. Vincent, of Philadelphia. There will also be daily meetings of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, known as Round Tables, and the Sunday vesper services with responsive features. One of the special features of the summer meeting will be a lecture by ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, on "The Problems of our Second Century."

An abundance of lighter entertainments will be provided, including concerts by Professor C. C. Case's chorus, the pioneer leader of music at Chautauqua. His chorus will be supported by a powerful pipe-organ now in course of construction, and especially built for the purposes of the Glen Echo Chautauqua. Noted musical artists will appear in solos, including Giuseppe Vitale, of New York, a well-known young violinist; Miss Annie Park, of Boston, a skillful cornetist; Professor Mark C. Baker, of Elmira, a tenor of rare purity; Miss Gertrude Smith, of the Wesleyan University of Delaware, and many Washington favorites. The programme also includes piano recitals and lectures on music, and the musical department will be most carefully provided for.

Out-door sports will be a special attraction of Glen Echo, including boating, lawn tennis, base-ball, archery, and other games, and a well-equipped gymnasium will be in charge of Dr. William G. Anderson, of Brooklyn. With all these wondrous attractions Glen Echo Chautauqua will be a success from the outset, and it is safe to say that every visitor within its delightful precincts will feel as if he or she would like to make it a permanent home.

Aside from the æsthetic and sentimental attractions of the place, there is that more solid, more permanent consideration—the profit that one may expect from an investment in Glen Echo property. As we have said, it is the great suburb of Washington, the most beautiful, the most attractive, the most charming in all respects. The growth of Washington continues with striking rapidity. In 1850, its population was a little over 51,000; in 1860, over 75,000; ten years later, over 131,000; in 1880, over 177,000, and this last census shows that it now has a population reaching well nigh to 250,000. The advance in real-estate values, not only in the city but for miles outside of it, has been at a prodigious ratio of increase. Washington has become the greatest residential city in the United States, and one of the greatest in the world. It is absolutely safe to predict that its growth is to continue, and that property anywhere within a radius of ten miles of the city is an investment at present prices. Every lot in Glen Echo is, therefore, an investment of the most solid and permanent character, whether one intends it for the erection of a home, or whether he intends simply to keep it for the profit there is in its natural increment.

Circulars containing full information concerning the assembly and summer schools may be had by addressing Dr. A. H. Gillet, Room 9, Sun Building.

WALL STREET.—INVESTORS' QUERIES.

THE let-up in the gold shipments and the easy money market, together with the continuance of good reports regarding crops, have tended to restore confidence among investors, and to renew the spirits of speculators.

But no one, as yet, is able satisfactorily to explain his reasons for believing that there will not be further gold shipments. The very fact that the latest shipments were made at a loss shows that there must have been, if there is not still, great urgency abroad for increasing the supply of gold.

The truth of the situation is simply this, that no one on this side of the water can tell anything about the future money market until foreign advices are more conclusive and satisfactory, and even London does not know how much more gold Russia may require, or how much we may take back in autumn.

It is exceedingly ominous, in my judgment, that the gold reserves in our national treasury are showing steady and rapid depletion. It is the danger-signal. It means that far-seeing financiers with foreign connections are already preparing for a change in our financial status, and that they have an expectation that within a brief period we shall be on a silver basis.

Money may continue easy for a time. Perhaps the gold we have exported may come back to pay for our crops within sixty days, and within that time the active men on Wall Street—and there are many of them—in favor of a rising market may succeed in giving it a lift that may advance it into the condition of a boom. But my advice to my readers is to buy when things are low and to take a good profit when they can, keeping a weather eye on the output of gold and the aggressive movements of the advocates of free silver.

—LYONS, N. Y., June 11th, 1891.

"JASPER":—Your article, as published every week, is the first one I read. Must give you my hearty congratulations. Please favor me with any information you may have in regard to United States Express stock. The price seems low for a regular dividend-payer. Would you consider it as good at present price for an investment as a bond and mortgage?

J. H.

In last week's issue I answered a similar inquiry in reference to the United States Express stock. It will be noticed that the sales of this stock have been very small. There are very few shares offered at the decline, and these are, no doubt, offered because of the pressing need of the holders to realize. Taking advantage of the general dullness, the brokers who have had the manipulation of this stock in hand have constantly offered less than was asked, getting only ten or twenty shares a day, and each day reducing the price. As the company itself did not care to step in and pick up its stock, this process of hammering has been successfully continued.

It seems to me, however, if the large owners of the United States Express stock had confidence in it they would not have permitted it to be depressed in such a manner. Perhaps they expected to pick up large blocks of it when the public was scared into offering their holdings at a low figure. I am told that the stock will continue to pay four per cent., and if this is true it is very cheap at present prices, though I would not call it as good an investment as a bond or a mortgage, for it is not classed among the gilt-edged securities.

In reply to "Ajax," of Omaha, I will say that Louisville and Nashville is in such bad shape that it cannot sell its bonds, and it proposes to sell \$7,000,000 more of new stock to pay for the Kentucky Central road. This is the same old trick against which I have tried to warn my readers again and again. The last time it was done the stock was boosted up to between 80 and 90, and people were told that by purchasing the stock they would be able to get some of the additional issue at a low price. I warned my readers at that time that the more they had of the stock the worse they would feel. I wonder if any of them have found it out.

The New Jersey Central, too, proposes to increase its capital stock \$3,700,000 to meet the expense of improvements and new equipments, leased lines, etc., and the new stock will be allotted to the present stockholders. Perhaps the present stockholders will come to the conclusion that the greater the amount of stock the smaller the dividends must be upon the same earning basis as the road has at present. This was what I tried to demonstrate to the stockholders of the Louisville and Nashville when the first issue of stock was ordered; but the paid writers and brokers, who urged the public to step in and buy the stock, did not see it in that light. Perhaps they see it now.

While all these railroads are paying for improvements by adding to the amount of their outstanding stocks, it is a pleasure to turn to the Chicago and Northwestern, under the conservative management of the Vanderbilts, and notice that it has just declared its customary semi-annual dividend of three per cent. on the common, and customary quarterly dividend of one and three-fourths per cent. on the preferred stock. It does this without selling bonds or issuing new stock, either.

There is talk on the Street that Atchison is to sell higher. The only evidence that it ought to sell higher lies in the fact that its May statement shows an increase of over \$54,000 in its gross earnings. This is a small percentage when it is considered that its aggregate earnings were over \$3,640,000.

"Quaker" writes from Philadelphia to ask if the Chicago Gas Trust difficulty with the municipal authorities has been settled. I reply that no official announcement of the settlement has been made, but that it is believed that one will be effected. Whether it is or not, if the gamblers in stocks will take their hands off Chicago Gas, I believe it will be able and willing to resume dividends. Its regular reports show handsome earnings—sufficient to please the stockholders—and this accounts for its continued strength. I do not like the fact, however, that it is subject to so much manipulation.

"H. J.," of Omaha, Neb., asks what "Jasper" thinks of Western Union Telegraph. Western Union Telegraph has been noted on the Street for paying its dividends with great regularity. It has just declared its usual quarterly dividend of one and one-quarter per cent., and the quarterly report presents an excellent showing of earnings. There are many men on Wall Street who stick to Western Union as one of the best properties to buy at every slump; but it is antagonized by all who are inimical to Jay Gould and his interests. If it were in the hands of the Vanderbilts it would sell beyond the price of New York Central.

"Packer," of Cleveland, asks in reference to the Laclede Gas Company of St. Louis. Its last report for the four months ended April 30th showed an increase in profits of \$50,000 over 1890. The company is pretty heavily loaded up with indebtedness, however, but I am told that manipulators are getting ready to give it a rise. I would not buy it unless I could pay for it and keep it.

Jasper



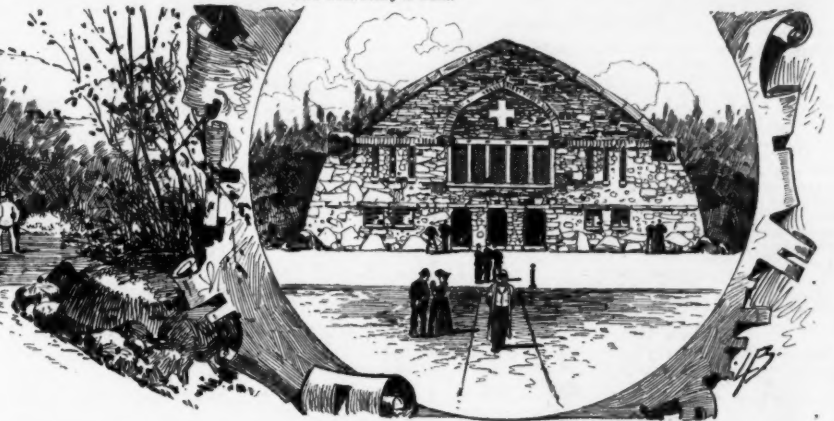
Residence of Edwin Baltzley.



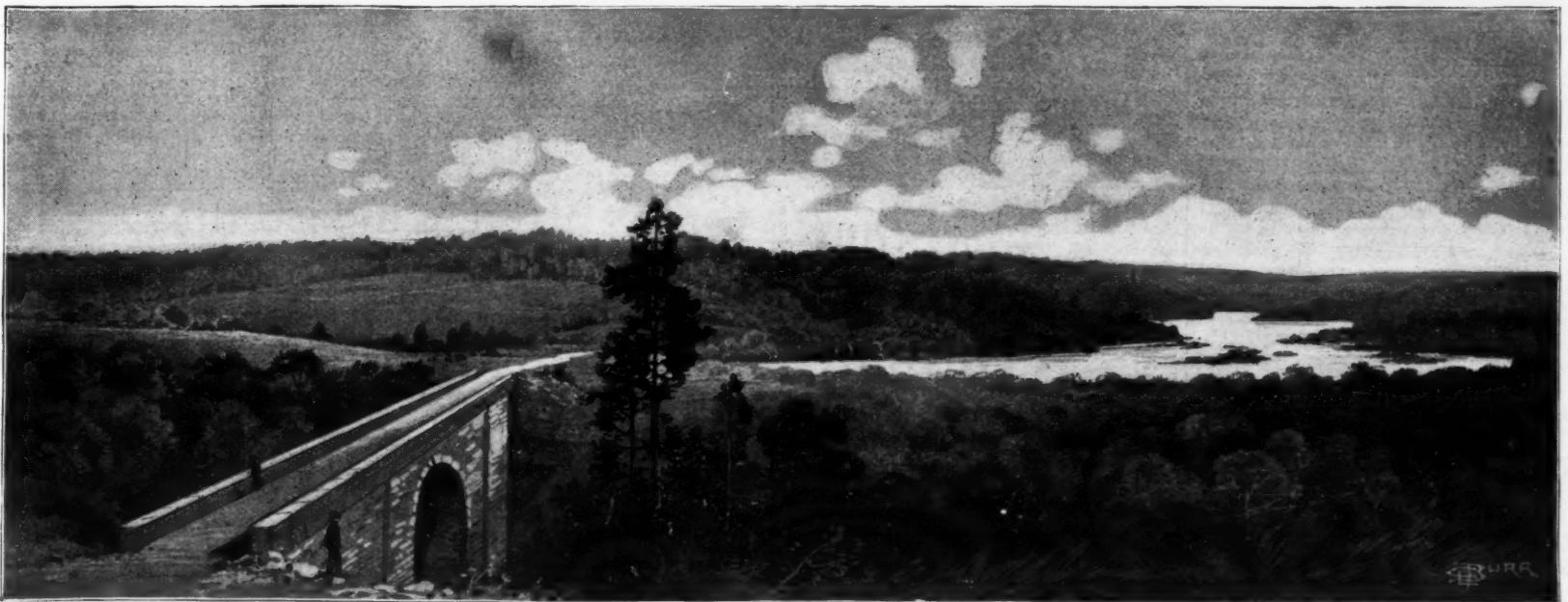
The secretary's tent.



Conduit road.



Red Cross building.



View from the lot of Mrs. President Harrison.



* The Cabin John.



Hall of Philosophy.



The Amphitheatre.



Residence of R. A. Charles.

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"I have been afflicted, for years, with headache and indigestion, and though I spent nearly a fortune in medicines, I never found any relief until I began to take Ayer's Pills. Six bottles of these Pills completely cured me."—Benjamin Harper, Plymouth, Montserrat, W. I.

"A long sufferer from headache, I was

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two boxes of Ayer's Pills."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

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THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE work upon the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition in Jackson Park, at Chicago, is making satisfactory progress. According to the *Tribune* of that city the sites for all buildings have been graded and all is in readiness for the buildings, with the exception of those of the manufactures and liberal arts and transportation. These two sites require to be filled up to grade. The terraces around the electric and mines buildings are nearly finished, and those about the administration building are completed. There are six dredges at work in the various canals and lagoons, and the grading contractors consider their work so nearly finished that they have reduced their force of men about one-half, but have increased the number of teams engaged in distributing earth. At present there are about 600 men and 250 teams at work, but notwithstanding the reduction in the force the grounds present an appearance of activity. Nothing as yet has been done with the harbor sites and entrances. The beach is paved with granite and sweeps south in a beautiful curve as far as the eye can reach. The small islands in the main lagoon are not yet surrounded by water, but the work of filling them up to the required height is going on rapidly, and the dredges will soon be put to work to cut out the channels. In the north end of the grounds there is great activity. On a wooded island men are busy propagating native swamp and prairie plants.

There certainly is no want of energy on the part of those concerned in the preparation of the grounds for the great forthcoming exposition. A number of illustrations on page 353 will give the reader a vivid idea of the present condition of the work.

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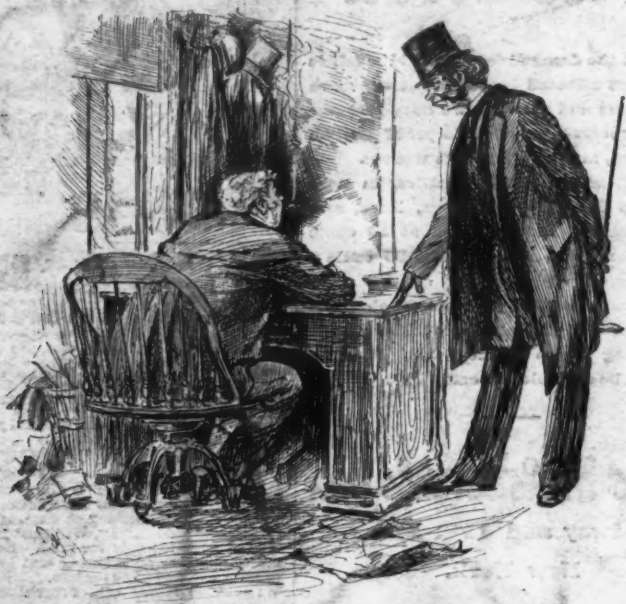
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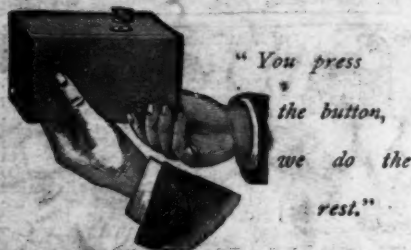
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